

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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60,000 PEOPLE LOST ON THE ROADS

See
Middle
Pages

BACK TO THE CAVES?

Mr Eden's Troglodytes

Unless something can be done to meet this menace, the peoples of the world are going to live as troglodytes and go back to the age of cave-dwellers.

Mr Eden MANY people must have been struck by the passage in Mr Eden's speech not long ago which asked whether the human race would go back to the days of the Troglodytes and live in caves. Who were the Troglodytes?

It would have been all the same if Mr Eden had called them cave-dwellers, for that is what troglodytes are, people inhabiting caves.

Even to Herodotus, the Greek historian who used this quaint word in describing the curious peoples he came across in his travels, the troglodytes of the fifth century before the Christian Era were uncivilised and uncouth; while Strabo, the Greek

geographer who died in Rome when Christ was still alive, left detailed accounts of certain cave-dwellers who were regarded with scorn by the ancient civilised peoples.

They lived on the banks of the Danube, in the Caucasus, in Morocco, and especially on the Egyptian and Ethiopian shores of the Red Sea, their name being given to the whole of that coast in ancient geography books. Natural caves or holes dug in the earth were the only homes of these people, who were herdsmen with a reputation for killing a man when he was too old to tend cattle. Even to the barbarian hordes of Xerxes the Persian they were barbarians.

So monstrous were these members of the human family that it is not surprising that the scientific name given to the chimpanzees and gorillas (of which skulls had been sent to Sir Richard Owen) was Troglodytes; and this scientific name is still given to the little wren because of its habit of sheltering with its family during winter cold, huddled close together in any convenient hole.

Many people are still found living in caves, solitary-wise or in communities, but few cave-dwellings can rival in extent and beauty the city of Petra in the Arabian mountains of Seir. Here the cliffs of the main valley and the ravines on either side are honeycombed with dwelling-places, tombs, and temples, a city of a virile people who withstood the might of Rome till the Emperor Trajan took it. The only temples comparable with those at Petra are the Indian cave-temples at Elephanta, Ajanta, and Ellora, though the tombs hewn from the rock at Beni-Hasan in the twelfth dynasty of Egypt are very wonderful, and are believed to have inspired Greek architecture.

Caves made by Nature, or dug out of the softer rocks by man, sheltered many a hermit in the early days of Christianity; in fact, they became a fashion lasting well into the Middle Ages, and many caves bear the name of a saint to this day. Such men as Robin Hood have also given their names to these primitive habitations.

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HITLER WITHOUT THE MODERATES

Head of the Army and Everything

The German press has returned to silence, said the B B C in one of its witty moments, and all is apparently well again in the Reich.

The international situation has been little affected by the recent manifestation of disunity in Germany, but one thing remains clear after all the excitement: a Dictator is not necessarily as firm in the saddle as he appears to be, and as he would like the world to believe.

No Room For Criticism

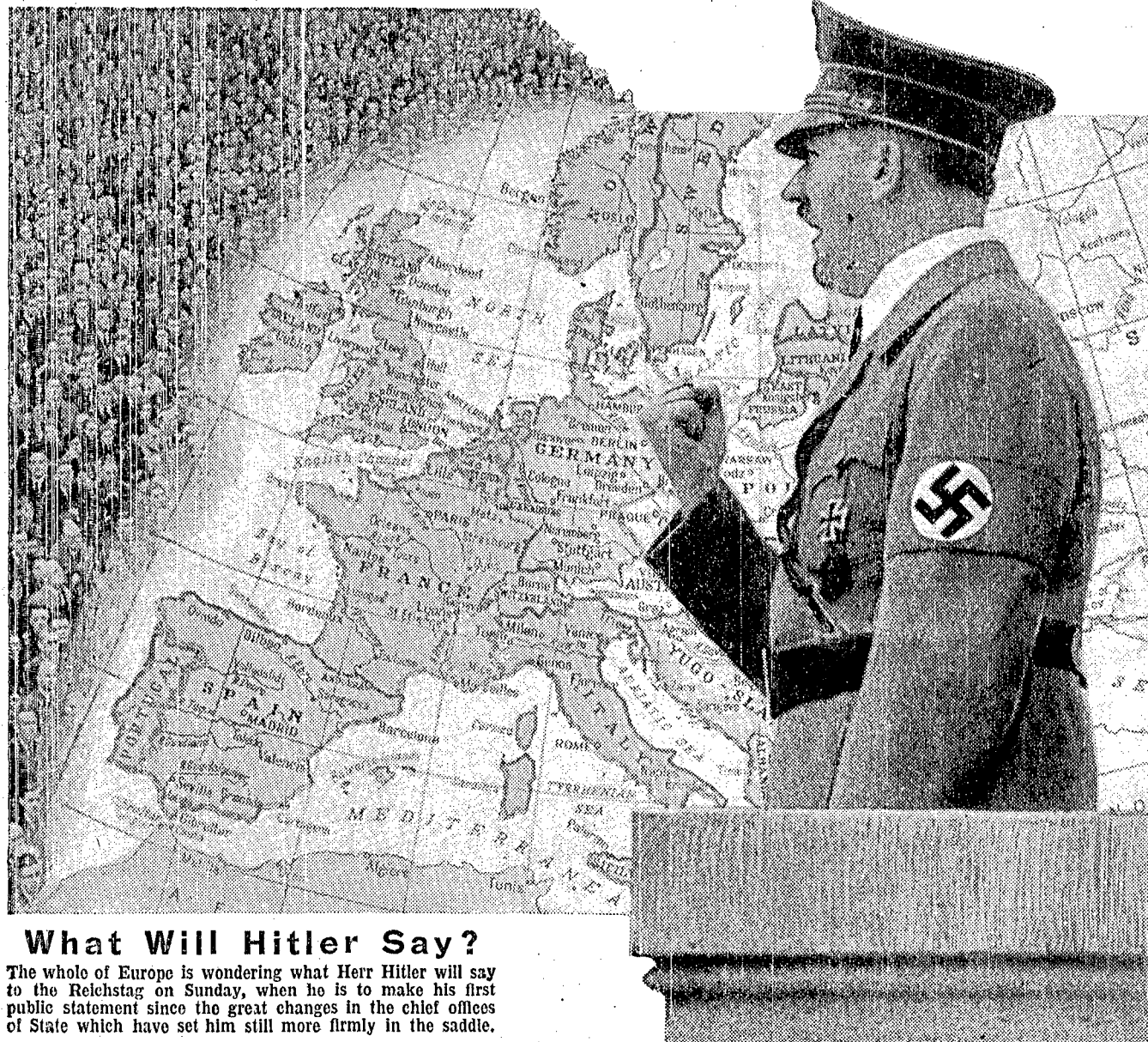
It would seem that the general effect of the upheaval is that Herr Hitler has removed from power high officials who were not entirely in sympathy with his policy, but reserved their right to criticise. Nazism has no room for criticism. In 1934 Herr Hitler disposed of his critics by having them shot; this time he has adopted the more humane way of replacing them with men who will do his bidding without question.

The dramatic events of the beginning of the month brought into the light of day much more than was happening at the time. The true position of the last few years stands out clearly for all to judge. All during these years the Nazi Party has proclaimed that it has stood solidly and entirely for Germany, and that the throne on which Herr Hitler had installed himself by their energies was without a flaw in its structure. All was unity and perfection, and there were no critics in the Reich because there was nothing to be criticised.

Generals Dismissed

And yet, after rumours the strictest censorship could not suppress, the world learned that two of the main supports of this perfect organisation had been set on one side, and a new kind of structure put in position to maintain it. The causes of this revolutionary change in the control of the Reich were so grave that the Commander-in-Chief and the Chief of Staff (Marshal von Blomberg and General von Fritsch) of the most famous army in Europe had to surrender their high positions, together with 13 other generals and many officers of high rank. The Foreign Minister surrendered his high office and took a lower office in what is called a Secret Cabinet. The new Foreign Minister is Herr von Ribbentrop, who has been Ambassador in London and has the advantage of

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What Will Hitler Say?

The whole of Europe is wondering what Herr Hitler will say to the Reichstag on Sunday, when he is to make his first public statement since the great changes in the chief offices of State which have set him still more firmly in the saddle.

SHIPS TOO BIG FOR PANAMA

A Grave Question to Japan

Is Japan willing to limit the size of her warships and their guns?

This, briefly, is the question the other naval powers are asking Japan, and asking it for the last time. It is a question which has been open for a reply and discussion since the London Naval Treaty of 1936 fixed limits to the sizes of ships, guns, and so on, and invited all who at the moment were unwilling to subscribe to the provisions to do so later.

Japan has persisted in her attitude of refusing to join America, Britain, Germany, France, and other nations in their self-imposed restrictions, and America and Britain have therefore joined in asking Japan what she is going to do about it, and let them have a reply by next Sunday.

The Treaty provides for exchange of information as to the tonnage and guns of new capital ships, so that the refusal of information and assurances by a strong naval nation has caused deep anxiety among those nations who are honourably keeping this Treaty, which is in force till 1943.

The Nicaragua Canal

America and ourselves have special problems on the high seas. America has two sea-frontiers to defend, and the link between them is the Panama Canal, which can only be used by ships of a certain size. Should Japan refuse to restrict the size of her future warships, America, though a peaceful country with no wish for dominating other nations, will feel compelled to enlarge her canal through Panama, and may also be driven to cut the second canal through Nicaragua, which has so often been talked about.

Both these schemes would be more costly than the requirements of peaceful commerce demand, but would probably be less expensive than building fleets adequate for the defence of both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Notes handed to Japan by America and Britain are in no sense threats, but there is no greater obstacle to peace than the secret building of weapons of war. It is hoped that Japan will be a good neighbour and frankly state her aims, so regaining the confidence of her old allies, which she has been so rapidly losing in recent months.

HERR HITLER

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knowing this country and its desire for world peace.

The immediate result of the changes is apparently that Herr Hitler has given himself more power than ever. He has made himself head of the Army, which he controls through National-Socialist officers. He has put the Civil Service under a more uniform control than hitherto. In short, the new men and the new ideas have been brought to the test against the traditional ideas of the long-established servants of the State, whether in foreign, military, or civil matters, and they have prevailed.

Only time can show what underlies this vast upheaval. Herr Hitler himself has frequently shown that he is averse from the reckless actions proposed by his fanatical followers. He proclaims himself stronger today than in the past: can he continue to check his extremists without the support of the moderates who have gone.

A Great Fight is Being Won MORE AND BETTER LIFE

THERE is good news from the Registrar-General, who records the facts of life and health and death.

In the early days of the C.N.'s companion papers, the fight against infant mortality was being waged by voice and pen in England, and rousing articles were being written to call upon Parliament to stop the dying of 150 babies in every 1000 during the first year. Today the number has been brought down to 57, a wonderful achievement.

We read of this in the Registrar-General's new survey of the nation's health, and we read, too, of another great triumph over disease.

The public health is steadily improving and in nothing is this more forcibly seen than in the decline of tuberculosis, which in mid-Victorian days was known as consumption, or sometimes as rapid decline. In the year of England's industrial triumph, when the Crystal Palace was raised in Hyde Park for the Great Exhibition of 1851, it was at its worst. Its toll continued unabated for the following ten years and fell heavily on young children.

Today the number of child victims under five is not more than a ninth of what it was. The returns of life and death at later ages reveal the same decrease all round of deadliness in the attacks of what was once called the White Scourge of England. Between the ages of 5 and 15 the deaths have fallen to a fifth of the old numbers.

Tuberculosis takes a stronger hold on sufferers when childhood has passed;

but here again there is the same improvement. Among youths and men between 15 and 25 the mortality is only a quarter, and among women only a third of what it was; and that improved percentage is maintained among people of higher ages.

The improvement seems to be continuous, for the mortality from the commonest form of tuberculosis is nearly 30 per cent lower than ten years ago; and from other forms of it 40 per cent lower. It may be that the checking of the disease has resulted from the improvement in housing conditions and in the rising standard of living. Every slum swept away means fewer deaths. Every increase of access to sunlight and air among the poorer population gives them a higher standard of health and more resisting power.

The years when the improvement became most noticeable, and when tuberculosis received a check from which it has never recovered, were those following the International Tuberculosis Conference in London in 1891. To that Congress came delegates from all over the world; and at it Dr Robert Koch, the father of modern bacteriology, made an announcement about the bacillus of tuberculosis which shook the world. His announcement was contradicted and his views fiercely fought, but the controversy led to new methods for fighting the germ; and since then the success of the fight has become more pronounced every year.

On the Isle of Capri

Lightning has destroyed the ancient church on the peak of the island of Capri, near Naples.

The music of a modern song has impressed something of the magic enshrined in this Italian island on the hearts of old and young, so that presumably the islanders will have little difficulty in raising the £1000 needed for the reconstruction.

This church was built centuries ago on Mount Tiberius, named after the Roman emperor who was spending his last years here when Our Lord was walking in Galilee.

Tiberius has come down through history as a monster in human form, a tyrant whose last years here were filled with gloom and terror, and perhaps with some remorse for his many murders.

It is said that this stricken church was built to cleanse Capri from the stain of the emperor's misdeeds.

Who Wants a Book?

If there is a book that you particularly want write and tell the Editor.

For the best letter sent each week a Book Token is being offered, and the Token may be taken to a bookshop and exchanged for the book. Perhaps you are keen on poetry, or travel, or biography. Possibly your preference is for fiction. Whatever the subject, just write and say why you would like the book, and if it does not cost more than half-a-guinea you have the opportunity of getting it for nothing.

All letters must be accompanied with a slip containing the name and address of a new reader promising to take the paper for one month.

This slip should be enclosed in the letter, but separate from it, and all envelopes should be addressed to the Editor and marked Books.

This week's Book Token is awarded to Mrs Gibbs, of Jason Hill, near Chesham, the book asked for being Rider Haggard's King Solomon's Mines.

BACK TO THE CAVES?

Continued from page 1

The canyons of Arizona and its neighbouring States in America are literally honeycombed with caves of all sizes, many of them improved by artificial walls erected by Moqui and Pueblo Indians, who have lived in them for centuries. Some are higher than the skyscrapers of New York and Chicago, and much more difficult of access. They were selected, no doubt, for security against hostile tribes as much as against the wind and rain, refuges like Wookey Hole in our own Mendip Hills.

Wookey Hole brings us back to the consideration of the cave-dwellings in our own land, such as Kent's Cavern and Cresswell Crag. Except for brief periods, as when the Danes were carrying fire and slaughter across

England, our caves have rarely been homes since man became an agriculturist and a builder of houses.

It was back in the Ice Age that Europeans lived in caverns, erecting barriers at their openings against bears, wolves, and more terrible animal foes. Some of these men may have been great artists and craftsmen, but their lives were one long round of struggle against Nature and against their fellow-men, and they were little better than the Stone Age savages who still survive in remote parts of the world.

Tens of thousands of years have passed since those days, and now our Foreign Minister is asking if we are going back to them—a bitter comment on the relapse of Europe since the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Robert, the Kensington Palace sheep-dog known to thousands of people, has died at the age of 18.

According to a Scotland Yard authority, finger-prints on a glass may last as long as ten years.

The population of Middlesex is increasing at the rate of over 1400 a week.

A buoy containing notes of an Antarctic expedition which came back 36 years ago has been picked up by a Russian ship.

Scientists have found that pears "gassed" with carbon-dioxide ripen more slowly and so give the shops more time to sell them.

The French air-line route between Paris and French Indo-China has been speeded up so that the journey now takes only five days.

A lady has retired as senior teacher at a school near Worthing, having begun there as a pupil in 1878 and become a teacher at 15.

Paris claims to have more dogs per head of the population than any other capital in the world; there is one to every 44 people.

Hinxhill's White Carpet

Thousands of people have been to look at the snowdrops in Hinxhill churchyard. It is one of the sights of Kent, not far from Ashford.

It has a field and a churchyard filled with snowdrops, a charming peep of a group of houses, and a 13th century church. A magnificent pollard oak 15 feet round screens the church, stretching its branches over half the churchyard and across the lane. Everywhere are fine views of Brabourne Downs.

On a huge marble tomb Robert Edolphe and his wife kneel facing each other in Tudor costume, beautifully gilded figures. A fine oak door leads to the vestry, in which is an old piece of needlework embroidered in fleur-de-lys.

Goodcheap Farm has Tudor relics and one of the oldest oaks in England, which all tenants of the farm are forbidden to destroy.

At snowdrop time or any other time Hinxhill is a place well worth a visit.

THINGS SEEN

Seen at the Sales

Child's coat: Usual price 4s 11d, Sale price 5s.

A cyclist riding the wrong way through one of London's busiest one-way streets, missed by four policemen.

Two bright young things cycling at Sandiacre arm-in-arm.

Passengers singing Auld Lang Syne in the last tram to run between Barking-side and Ilford.

Thirty pigeons asleep in the tracery of two windows of Cirencester Church.

THINGS SAID

Rheumatism and arthritis cost the nation 242,000,000 hours of lost work and £17,000,000 in sick pay every year. Lord Horder

Mussolini is always right.

One of Blackshirt Militia's Ten Commandments, approved by Mussolini

South Africa is the most attractive prey in the world for any predatory Power. General Smuts

Never have I lost anything, had anything stolen, or experienced a day's illness on my travels.

Dean of Manchester

Any fool can make a war but it takes a wise and courageous man to keep the peace. National Chairman, British Legion

Japan is faced with the gravest crisis she has ever known; it is difficult to make any prediction of the future position. President, Japan Economic Federation

Raleigh Comes to London



The sculptor at work on the new statue of Raleigh for a London tobacco factory. See below

A Statue For Sir Walter

Sir Walter Raleigh is to have the statue in London which neither London nor his country has till now thought it worth while to put up to him.

It will stand above the main door of a tobacco factory in Commercial Road, and the heroic sailor who started our Empire by founding Virginia for Queen Elizabeth is represented as carrying a tobacco plant under his arm.

It is part of the mischievous fortune which dogged Raleigh's footsteps that his statue should represent one of the least authentic of his deeds. He did not introduce tobacco into Europe, or even into England. The English governor of Virginia, Ralph Lane, was the first English smoker, and it is believed that he and Drake brought the weed and the pipe home and gave them to Raleigh.

He was, at any rate, a persistent smoker. In the Wallace Collection at Hertford House is a case of the small clay pipes he smoked, and it is recorded of him that "he took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold," to which the King of England sent him to please the Spanish Ambassador.

But this great man, who was poet, soldier, sailor, statesman, and historian, introduced a worthier plant, for on his estate near Cork in Ireland the potato was first grown.

Dickie's Looms Are Silent

More than forty years ago Matthew Dickie took his looms from Stockport to Cressbrook, near Tideswell, and so brought cotton from Lancashire to Derbyshire.

He found an ancient building, now a hundred years old and more, where sweets were once made. He took with him two trusted helpers, Jack Bowden and Bill Shaw, to overlook his new enterprise; and soon the villagers were answering to the call of the buzzer in greater and greater numbers.

Two years ago old Matthew Dickie died, and now his mill has died. For the last time the hands have streamed out of the old gates, and Jack Bowden, 73 years old, was still among them. Peter Dickie, son of the founder, has struggled against bad trade and changing conditions, but they have been too much for him. The villagers mourn not only their lost wages, but a working life that was happy with the old family spirit. There was a time when Overlooker Jack Bowden had his son, his three daughters, and their children all working with him.

Most of the men will find work on the railway or in the lime quarry, but there is no work in the place for the women.

It is hoped soon to include a Children's Hour in television programmes.

A Girl and Her Models



Fifteen-year-old Mary Nicoll of Byfleet with some of the little figures she has made of characters in history and literature. The models are made of a special clay and are correctly dressed

THIS KIND WORLD

Albert Thompson Remembers His Workers

When Mr Albert Thompson, famous as an engineer in Wolverhampton, was a poor man he made his will.

He and his engineering firm became exceedingly rich, but when, the other day, the time came that he must leave his riches behind him, his will showed that he had not forgotten the days of his struggle or the poor workmen who were then his companions.

He left £10,000 to be divided among the workmen of his companies who had been in their service and his for five years. That was his direct legacy to them; and he had intended something more, but had not had the time to add the provisions for it to his old will. But his wife and his son knew from notes he left behind what his wishes and intentions had been, and as one contribution to fulfilling them they are forming an Albert Thompson Fund of £5000, the income from which will give medical benefits, and holidays to the children of Mr Thompson's old work-people.

This is a new and grateful kind of Children's Holiday Fund.

OUR ISLANDS IN THE STORM

5000 Specks on the Map

The storms of this winter have brought into the news many British islands where civilised life is difficult, and toil and struggle are the normal round for the inhabitants.

There are about 5000 islands along the north-west coast of Scotland, about 200 in the Orkneys and Shetlands, where mid-winter is almost one long night, especially when sea-fogs prevail, and about 300 off our other coasts.

Like the men in our lighthouses, the people on many of these little islands depend for their food and clothing on the weekly or less frequent call of the mail-boat, which is usually a small fishing boat. These islands have no telegraphs or telephones, and sickness or accident may speedily end in tragedy.

Relief by Plane

Acroplanes battling through storms have lately carried relief to two distressed islands. Off County Antrim lies Rathlin Island, famous as a hiding-place of Robert Bruce. Fishing is the chief occupation of its 200 people, but much food has to be brought by boat. An R A F plane replenished the stores of islanders faced with starvation.

The second island in the news was 20 miles north, Islay, a big island with 6000 people and a steamboat service to Glasgow. The only safe way of taking an injured woman from here to hospital at Glasgow was by an air-ambulance which fought through a 65 m p h gale.

The island of Foula, in the Shetland group, was isolated for over a month, food being rationed, and Bardsey Island, Wales, had to await relief for many weeks.

Very many of our 5000 islands are uninhabited, and some are used only as grazing grounds for hardy sheep and goats in summer days. Many have beauty and grandeur, for their cliffs have been battling for a million years with the Atlantic, and bear its scars. Geologists, naturalists, and pleasure-seeking yachtsmen call when the gentle zephyrs breathe over them, but in stormy weather mariners give the dangerous coasts a very wide berth.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the inhabitants of some of these islands should wish to share the lot of the people of St Kilda, 40 miles out from the Hebrides, and be transported to regions in closer touch with modern civilisation.

Curious Tale of Old King Coal

Coal stories are stories of basic wealth, of the means to produce. If we compare coal today with coal before the Great War we find that Russia has risen from an insignificant place to fourth place in the world.

Here is the comparison of six nations, the figures being in millions of tons:

	1936	1913
U S A	442 ..	517
Britain	232 ..	292
Germany	158 ..	190
Russia	126 ..	29
France	45 ..	41
Japan	42 ..	22

The rise of Russia is the most remarkable thing in the list; the fall of America, Britain, and Germany only less remarkable. We actually produce 60 million tons less than in 1913. Germany lost many coalfields through the loss of territory in 1918. America has not yet recovered her old producing power.

Making the Home Wheels Go Round

IN an age of invention the home has been tardily and inadequately supplied with machines.

Some people say that women either will not use machines at all or will use them badly, but we can hardly believe this in days when women fly the Atlantic and have proved themselves really good mechanics. We rather think that the truth is that women in the home have been expected to do things in the old way.

At a London exhibition of inventions an excellent washing machine has been shown, invented for women by a woman. It is said to be capable of doing a week's washing for a small household in three minutes!

Another good thing was an air-purifier which continuously changes and thus purifies the air in a room. This conditioning of domestic air is a great need, as we can see for ourselves by noting with what rapidity dust settles on furniture. That dust we breathe as long as we stay indoors.

In smaller matters improvement is needed. Why should we put up with short-handled dustpans and brushes, for example, instead of using long-handled ones, as they do on the Continent? And why, for that matter, should we all use so many short-handled gardening tools?

A Long Tale of Tyranny

THERE is hope that at last our old friend the horse is to keep its tail. The House of Lords has decided against docking it.

Among the peers are many who know all about horses that there is to know, so we may be sure that if they have decided against docking horses of their tails it is because it is a useless and painful practice. But old abuses die hard, and this is a very old one, at least as old as the Duke of Wellington, who favoured it when in Spain because it distinguished the British from the French army horses.

Consequently it has gone on, though nearly 20 years ago the RSPCA had succeeded in establishing in the courts that docking was illegal. But this decision was watered down by a clause in the Animals Anaesthetic Act of 1919, permitting it if an anaesthetic were used. That provision is enough to show that docking is cruel, as indeed it must be, because it consists in plucking out all the longer hairs of a horse's tail and leaving the stump more or less exposed.

The hair in time grows again, and while the horse remains in service it suffers no great inconvenience. But when the docked horses in later years are turned out to grass they suffer severely from the absence of the tail, which whisks off flies. They can neither rest nor feed properly.

All these considerations were urged in the C N six years ago, but common-sense and kindly feeling were in vain as reasons for extinguishing a century-old abuse, of which one of the worst features is that abroad it is regarded

as an English custom. It is illegal in Germany, Norway, and in parts of America. In Australia and India it is not practised. Arabs cannot understand why we dock horses.

The only reason, though no excuse, for it is that it became a fashion, because many owners thought the docked horse looked better in the Show ring; though why anybody should believe that an animal looked better in a condition unnatural to it is as much a puzzle as the fashion of wearing bird's feathers in a hat.

There are no docked horses in the Army, very few, if any, in the Mounted Police, and none in the State processions. The National Veterinary Association is against docking, and, though some die-hards favour it still, it is now definitely to disappear. A stigma against England, said, to be a people of horse lovers, is to be removed. The tail is to stay behind.

Jonathan's Uncle

WE found a fine letter in our post-bag the other day from one of our nine-year-old readers at Carlisle.

He has a little nephew whose name is Jonathan, and who has one cousin, lots of uncles and aunts, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, two great-grandmothers, one great-grandfather, and a great-great-great-aunt (though Jonathan's Uncle tells us that the great-great-great-aunt is not any bigger than an ordinary lady).

What we like about his letter, however, is that through the C N he has made a friend of a Chinese boy, who writes to him with the help of a missionary at Chengtu. The Chinese boy was longing to go to Chengtu University, but was too poor, so Jonathan's Uncle and his sister Joan (14) and some of their friends gave a play in a garden and made toffee and sold it, and so helped to get the money for the university fees. Jonathan's Uncle could not act in the play, but he and another boy pulled the curtains after each act, though once they forgot "because they were watching an aeroplane."

It is a kind world in which this little bit of friendliness goes out from an English garden to help a poor boy in China, and we send our love to Jonathan's Uncle.

War Could Not Break His Spirit

FRANK HAIR, the old Artilleryman, has passed from his world of pain. His body was shattered in the days of the war, and he has been lying on his back ever since. Once he stood six-feet-three and had been in the Hong Kong police. He was a sergeant in the Royal Garrison Artillery till his spine was broken.

His courage hardly ever deserted him in the painful years which followed. He was always wonderfully cheery, joking with his nurse, making friends with everyone. He waved to people who passed his window, and made friends with birds and animals.

At Rochampton he had a hut in which he tamed squirrels. They scampered down the trees, peeped in the hut, and ate the food he provided for them. The birds used to amuse him by their queer antics as they pecked at his peanuts. At Worthing two blackbirds tapped at his window every morning as a signal that he was to raise the blind and feed them; and there was a blind sparrow which came for crumbs.

All through the years he bore his suffering with fortitude, and had a spirit so gallant that it was difficult to believe he knew what pain was. "Good night, matron; God bless you," he said an hour before he died.

Farewell Down the Ages

IT has just transpired that almost the last discovery by Mr J. L. Starkey before he met his tragic end on the way to his excavations at Lachish was a blessing in hieroglyphics on an ancient Palestine coffin. The inscription, engraved on one of three coffins lifted from a rocky tomb, ran:

May it be granted to thee to alight upon the water of the beautiful West to sail to thy place.

It was written for some man who lived and died at least 3000 years ago,

when the Israelites had gained a footing in Palestine, and the most powerful of the Pharaohs reigned in Egypt; but its tender dedication might equally well have been written for Mr Starkey himself, the kindly, modest Englishman who fell before the rifles of a party of Arabs who were unaware till afterwards that he was, in the words of his own Arab chauffeur, "a good friend of our people."

Sir Charles Marston, who, together with the Wellcome Trust, was responsible for the excavations at Lachish, recalls, in speaking of this inscription, the verse from Tennyson's Crossing the Bar sung at the Memorial Service to Mr Starkey which took place at St Margaret's, Westminster:

*Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.*

Like the man of Lachish who should sail to the West to his resting-place, Mr Starkey turned his face to the sunset when his work was done.

Fears Are Often Wrong

IT is curious to see, in this topsyturvy Age, how often our fears are wrong.

Now that we have had a considerable experience of a Managed Currency, as our paper-money system has come to be called, the professional bankers are all praising it.

In the old days our banknotes were gold certificates. That is to say, each of them was legally exchangeable at the Bank of England for a definite amount of gold, so that a banknote was as good as gold.

Now the note is merely a piece of paper and the bank will not give us gold for it; but we have confidence in it because we know it will buy the goods we need. That purchasing power is maintained by strictly limiting the issue of notes. It is a rule-of-thumb system, but yet it works.

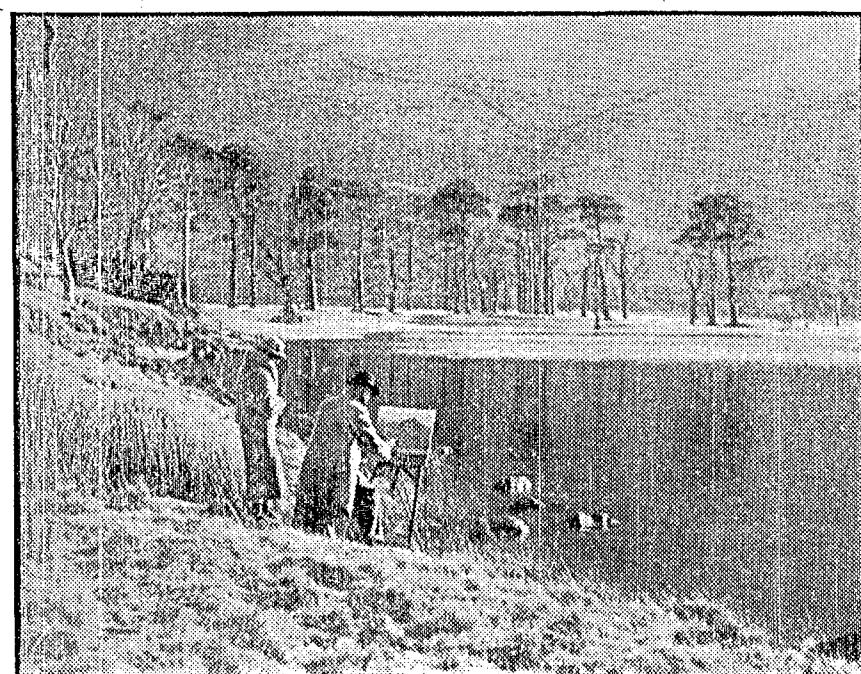
Gold is now only used to settle balances of exports and imports between nations. Even that use may some day disappear as civilisation progresses.

The abandonment of the gold standard was caused by the financial crisis of 1931, and it is amusing to recall that the BBC found a well-known professional economist to tell us what it would mean if we tried to do without gold-backed money. He said:

If England went off the gold standard the first result would be a flight from the £. Any fall in the value of sterling would inflict a shattering blow to credit throughout the world. The blow to confidence, the feeling that the most stable point in the monetary world had shifted, would be even more damaging than the actual losses of foreign depositors. The failure of England to maintain the value of sterling might so undermine confidence that exporters in other countries would refuse to accept payment in sterling on any terms.

Thirteen days later the Government decided to do this terrible thing. The gold standard was abandoned, and the nation did not perish. On the contrary, we have very largely recovered from the dark days of depression of 1931, when millions were out of work.

A WINTER'S DAY IN LAKELAND



An artist at work on the shores of Buttermere

THE BARE BACK AND THE MILL

From Lancashire comes the news that a number of cotton mills are standing idle for a couple of weeks to reduce stocks in hand which cannot be sold.

It is nothing new in the history of the cotton trade, this stopping of work in dull trade, but none the less remarkable. So many ill-clothed backs in the world, and mills shutting down because the owners of the bare backs cannot afford to buy so cheap a stuff as cotton cloth!

A century ago social observers mocked at the conception of machinery making goods for people unable to buy. It is our duty to repeat the reproach, again and again, until the rulers of mankind make up their minds to give due attention to the distribution of wealth.

LIGHT HORSE FILM

While the 400 Light Horsemen are visiting Sydney for the 150th anniversary celebrations they will take part in a film.

It is to be called Thunder over the Desert, and will be made by the well-known Australian producer Charles Chauvel, who has made such splendid films of Australian life. Many of the scenes will be taken among the sand dunes at one of Sydney's surfing beaches, and the story will describe the defeat of the Turkish Army at Romani, on the Suez Canal, in 1916.

DR LI CARRIES ON

One who has long been connected with Lingnan University in Canton, China, has written about the Japanese war as seen from there.

A unit was sent to the front from the university hospital, doctors, nurses, and supplies all arriving at Soochow; but hardly had they reached the station when Japanese bombers raided them and the entire equipment was destroyed.

He also writes of a visitor, Dr Li, an old student of the university, who became the leading public health authority in China. A great programme was being carried out, hospitals were built, when suddenly all was destroyed: offices, hospitals, and health centres fell in the general ruin of Shanghai; yet today he is cheerful and eager to cooperate in the prevention of epidemics, and not a word of hatred to the Japanese did he utter, simply carrying on.

NEWS OF A BIRD'S NEST

This little story is sent to us by a C N reader in Aberdeen.

Last spring a pair of blackbirds came to our house and tried to make a nest in the curve in a spout above our kitchen window. For a whole week they struggled to put straw and grass between the wall and the spout, but it always slipped out. We were afraid to interfere in case we scared them away.

At last we decided to do something. With the two birds watching, we put up a board to keep the nest firm. The next day the nest was complete and the day after there was an egg in it.

Those two birds were quite tame all summer and used to peep in at the window from the nest. They reared two families and have all lived ever since in the bushes round our garden. Whenever I go out there is quite a stampede of my nine blackbirds for crumbs, and they are not at all frightened.

GRANITE PILLARS OF THE ELBE

The pillars of the new bridge across the Elbe at Hamburg are to be of granite instead of steel, for the sake of economy.

The bridge will be the loftiest in Europe, its pillars rising higher than Cologne Cathedral. It will be 750 yards long, and the arch will be 230 feet above water-level. Six tracks for motor-cars, bicyclists, and pedestrians will have under them six railway tracks.

Playtime in the Sunshine



A tug-of-war on deck during a voyage from South America

GRANNY

Commissioner Lamb of the Salvation Army disagrees with the demand of the Lord Chancellor for younger magistrates.

He says: May I put in a plea for the Children's Courts being managed by grandfathers and grandmothers? Most of the offending youngsters whom I know would prefer such a tribunal.

During a recent visit to Glasgow I heard of a boy who, when carrying milk, had dropped the picher. As he stood crying amid the fragments a little girl came along and consoled with him, urging him to go home.

I am feart, said the boy.

Feart? said the girl; have you no a Granny?

LIONS FOR SALE

Because the cost of upkeep is too high the municipal zoo at Hobart, Tasmania, is being sold. Most of the birds and animals have found homes, but several lions remain a problem. The zoos at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane do not want them, and a proposal to shoot the animals met with such a storm of protest from residents that it is hoped their lives will be spared.

WAITING FOR THE NEXT FLOOD?

A year ago the Fen Country was in serious danger of floods worse than any on recent record, yet still nothing is done to proceed with the much-needed drainage scheme.

The responsible Authority is in dispute with the Ministry of Agriculture, and declines to proceed with the great scheme of flood prevention at the outfall unless some larger share of the cost is borne by the Government.

Does not this incredible policy of delay in carrying out public works point to a lack of enterprise which explains why idle men are denied employment?

Sally Lunn Carries On

Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
Now for the gay Sally Lunn.

W. S. Gilbert

IN one of the narrow byways of Bath, set apart from its splendid streets and crescents, is a tiny bow-fronted shop, said to be that of Sally Lunn.

Sally Lunn was a pastrycook who used to carry her buns and tea-cakes in a basket and go up and down Bath's famous thoroughfares crying them. The tea-cakes were of a kind no one could make as well as Sally. Beau Nash used to buy them, and other patrons of the Pump Room followed in his train. In fact such a reputation was gained by the tea-

THE BIG HOME BOOK

Every day brings its problems, big and little, in every home.

The New Household Encyclopedia, published in weekly parts at sevenpence, has been prepared to simplify these problems and give useful information on a host of subjects from cookery to home medicine, woodwork to mechanics, and so on. While there is much in its pages that will help Mother and Father, the younger members of the family will find in it many appealing articles on games and hobbies. Everything is arranged alphabetically and is easy to find. Part One is now on sale, and with each of the first three parts is given an attractive painting of flowers.

500 MEN AND 2000 TOWNS

What the Editor of the C N has been doing for England in the last seven years, 500 authors are now doing for Germany.

The Editor and his staff have visited England's towns and cities and put down what they have seen in the King's England series, now being published by Hodder and Stoughton, but to the towns they have added nearly 10,000 villages.

In Germany a great work is to be published in which 2000 towns are described. The encyclopedia will appear in five huge volumes, and in it we shall be able to read the story of every town, and learn what battles have been fought there, what its flag is like, its coat-of-arms, its seal, origin, development, population, and history.

ENGLISH GOOD ENOUGH

We hear of an old Yorkshire farmer who was indignant when told by someone in the village that the new vicar read the New Testament in Greek.

The old farmer grunted. "Why, (said he) English was good enough for Paul, and I reckon it ought to do for Parson."

THE PICTURES IN THE SAND

A French exploring ship was wrecked in a storm 18 months ago off the west coast of Iceland.

Now five films have been found half-buried in sand three miles from the scene of the wreck. They have been developed by a disabled soldier, who found the red protecting paper, the films, and the spools one solid block spotted with sand and salt.

He soaked them for over two hours, and then unrolled them and developed them in the usual way. Although spoiled at the edges by the sea water, they show a view of the coast and some members of the crew on board.

THE DOGS WARN THE MONKS

The fine St Bernard dogs kept at the Hospice by the monks have lately saved their own lives and those of their attendants.

On a Sunday evening when a great avalanche came roaring down the men had gone to give the dogs their usual walk. Although they love this walk they refused to leave their building, and while they were being coaxed the snow and rocks roared down and piled 20 feet deep round the Hospice. Doors and windows were damaged, and all the telephone wires down, but, thanks to the instinct of the dogs, not a person was hurt. It was the worst avalanche for 20 years, and the monks are likely to be cut off from the world (save by telephone) till May or June.

VANDALS BEWARE

North Yorkshire is no place for our litter vandals.

Last year thoughtless people tore up by the roots large quantities of daffodils growing by the roads near Ripon. The bulbs had been planted by Ripon children, and they and everyone in the city had been looking forward to a golden springtime. Then the vandals arrived like wolves on the fold, and the glory was destroyed.

Since then not only Ripon, but all the north of Yorkshire, has taken a step towards preventing a repetition of vandalism of this kind, for one of the North Riding County Council's byelaws has been altered so that it makes the uprooting of ferns and flowers an offence for which vandals may be prosecuted with fines up to five pounds.

A FRIENDLY HAND ACROSS THE SEA

The students of an American college have been giving a helping hand to a little group of Chinese workers.

The silk-weaving industry in China is suffering from the introduction of rayon, many Chinese being thrown out of work because their looms are not suited to new kinds of weaving.

Hearing that looms constructed for weaving cotton and woollen fabrics were badly needed by these people, the students of a college in Kentucky made accurate scale drawings and sent them with instructions to the distressed Chinese, making it possible for them to resume their trade with cotton and wool instead of silk.

Let us be good neighbours, says Mr Roosevelt, and the Kentucky students are agreeing with the President in a practical Sermon-on-the-Mount sort of way.

SENTRY GOOSE

A goose has been on sentry duty for three years outside the Kraljevo barracks in Yugo-Slavia.

It is always in the same spot, standing first on one leg and then on the other, and is so attached to the army that it will not take food from anyone not in uniform. All attempts at trying to persuade the bird to change its odd habit have met with no success, for when moved from its post it mopes and goes on hunger strike until it is allowed to return. What a goose!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 19 1938

The World's Monster

Is there anything madder than some of the things the world has been doing and preparing to do in these days?

A member of the British Government goes to Berlin to be shown by the German Air Minister the underground shelters made to protect Germans against air-bombing. On a return visit German experts will doubtless examine our air-raid precautions.

It would appear that both nations are examining in the friendliest spirit whether they can kill hundreds or thousands of one another's people. If it were not for the tragedy lurking behind these inquiries they would be comical, but it is surely the ghastliest farce ever known in Europe.

The tragedy is plain before our eyes in the past and in the present, in Spain and in China, where a worse future casts its black shadows. While nations are exchanging notes with their neighbours on how to avoid destruction, the preparations for destroying one another go irresistibly on. All the nations are spending millions to protect themselves against a weapon of which all are afraid but which they cannot agree to control.

The worst aspect of this preparation is that apparently none can put forward any better scheme of defence than that of destroying the enemy's peaceful towns and people before he can get his blow in first.

The plane which its inventors enthusiastically perfected as a blessing to the world has turned against it like the Monster created by Frankenstein, and has become the world's most formidable curse. With its ever-increasing range and speed, there will soon be no part of the world which can feel itself safe from the death it deals with its bombs and its gas-filled shells.

The aeroplane has become the weapon, not of the soldier, but of the murderer, defying every law of mercy and making those whose skill and courage direct its operations something lower than brutes. It is not merely a threat to civilisation: it spells the degradation of mankind.

If nothing could be done to arrest its brutish progress (though we must apologise to the brutes, for they do nothing so detestable) the peoples of the world would have to live as troglodytes and go back to caves; and we must admit that the Cave Man was a respectable citizen compared with the bomber and those who direct his thunderbolts.

It was Man's Brain that made the bombing plane: it is only Man's Heart that can hold it in leash while there is yet time.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



London Must Be Dignified

EVERY good Londoner will thank Wandsworth for a resolution passed by its Borough Council.

It calls the attention of the L.C.C. to the serious effect caused by the erection of ugly buildings, and begs the L.C.C. to take steps to prevent their erection.

It is the first time we remember a public body denouncing ugliness so plainly, and we may hope the London County Council, so nobly housed itself, and with such fine buildings to its credit all about us, will do something to stop the setting up of buildings which tend to turn the world's capital into a shabby place.

Just in Time

As we all know, Aberystwyth has been in the teeth of the raging gales, promenades have been washed away, and houses battered by a sea which even came down the chimneys.

But we hear that on one bad night, when town council and townsfolk all sat up watching with anxious dread lest the high tide should overwhelm them, *the wind changed just in time.*

Crime

As the Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, promises to reform our penal law, may we suggest the need for further restriction of the reporting of crime?

Crime is imitative, so would it not be wise to set limits to the publication of the details of criminal offences?

Would it not also be worth while to limit the publication of the names and addresses of first offenders? Few things are sadder than to read of the conviction of a beginner in crime, for it is the first step that counts. The law should see that the first step is not used to harden the heart of the one that takes it.

The Top Hat

Our friend the headmaster of Bembridge School does not like the Top Hat. We take this from a dainty little book of Poems Mr Howard Whitehouse has written, published by the Oxford University Press.

*No top-hat morality
For the world's mortality,
But the head uncovered, free,
Greeting winds from Heaven's sea.*

Down South

It may be quiet, but there is certainly humour down in Cornwall.

There were two rejoicings not long ago in two villages of the Lizard Peninsula, and we came upon notices of them in the church porch of each place. Manaccan's notice announced music by Arthur and his Rhythm Rascals, and in the other village the notice assured us that there were Buses Galore to Cury.

Dutch Pride

HOLLAND, proud of its reputation for cleanliness, means to keep its towns spick and span. Once a week the housewives wash and scrub the pavement in front of their houses; and those who live in Leerdam are singing the praises of the magistrate for imposing a fine on a coal-heaver for repeatedly walking on the clean pavement with dirty boots.

When They Like

When the Italian people like, they can do anything. Signor Mussolini

It is good news. When they like they may recover their freedom.

Tip-Cat

AN erring motorist said he was ready to face the music. Already he had been trying to beat time.

LONDON is spreading. Traffic jam?

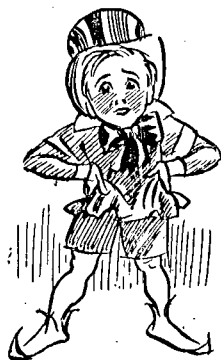
THE cane never teaches a schoolboy anything. Howlers make howlers.

THE nephew of a famous novelist prefers to be a chef. Perhaps he will make novel dishes.

THOSE who talk much think little. So they say.

Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

If the Minister
of Transport will
mend his bad
ways



WE should always stand by our friends, says a writer. Unless they offer us a chair.

LONDONERS are eating less salmon. Less than they can.

A MAN claims that he is a far better pugilist than his neighbours. His neighbours think he is better far.

AMERICA has several girl air-pilots. Ready to take things over.

A DUNCE is only a frightened boy, says a teacher. Frightened out of his wits.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

AN unknown friend in Aberdeen has sent £200 to the NSPCC in London.

OVER 190,000 men and women have now been transferred from distressed areas to happier places.

JUST AN IDEA

We were reading the other day a thought well worth passing on, that the people who complain that life has let them down might change their tune and ask themselves whether they have not let life down.

Australia's First-Englishmen

THERE has been much discussion as to the discoverer of Australia, and it seems worth while to recall a story that is told of one of the first Englishmen to land there.

The name appears on a monument in Merton Church, the last church in which Nelson worshipped. The monument was set up by the widow of Captain Cook, her mother being a Smith; she set up the monument in memory of her cousin Isaac, who grew up to be an admiral, but in his younger days sailed with Captain Cook on two or three of his voyages. The story is that on Sunday April 29, 1770, when Captain Cook had anchored his ship in Botany Bay, he took Smith with him in a small boat and called to him, "Jump out, Isaac!" So that (although Dampier had landed at the North-West 70 years before) young Smith was the first Englishman to set foot on Australia's Pacific coast.

Up and Down the Railways Go

UP and down and to and fro
Everywhere the railways go,
Branching, pulsing, like our veins,
All alive with rippling trains.
London like a throbbing heart
Sends them out to every part;
Like her life blood out they go,
Day and night, and to and fro.

THERE a starlit mountain stands
Looking over drowsy lands.
If he sees a snake of light
Winding swiftly through the night,
Vain it is for him to guess
Who's aboard the night express.
Love, perhaps, is travelling there,
Murder, with his haunted stare,
Fame, perhaps, or Holiness;
By they go, and none can guess.

ARE there travellers in my veins
Like the travellers in the trains?
Consciousness of other kinds
Unperceived by human minds?
In our blood, as scholars tell,
There are those who serve us well,
Citizens who toil and strive,
By whose vigilance we thrive. . . .
Up and down, and to and fro—
Travellers I shall never know!

Janet Farwell

Bad Taste

WE have been very glad to see a protest by the Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle against the offensive practice of advertising on tombstones and other memorials.

It is not uncommon to find the name of a mason actually more prominent on a memorial than the name for which the memorial is set up, but we are glad to say that such atrocities of taste belong to ages past. It is still a bad habit, however, for masons to advertise on memorial stones, and it is good to be told that a vicar or a rector is within his rights in forbidding this form of advertisement.

The problem of the world is how to make nations act like gentlemen and so be safe.
E. W. Mead

UNCHANGING CHINA

The Tale of a Hat

Whatever happens in the Far East China will still be the China she has always been.

Serene and inscrutable, she has survived a thousand shocks. Neither invasion nor outrage nor armed might are strangers to her. She has received the bludgeonings of many enemies, but, as an English poet has said of all the brave, her head is still unbowed. In the end China has absorbed all her conquerors. She loses every battle but the last.

In a modern world the survival of the ancient spirit of Cathay is one of the wonders of our time. We read the other day of an English nobleman who was astonished to receive a magnificent armorial dinner service of Chinese porcelain from Canton, which he had no recollection of having commissioned.

He made inquiries of the Chinese merchants who had sent it and received a reply that all was in order: the dinner service had been ordered and paid for by one of his lordship's ancestors in the 18th century, when such orders were fashionable. The family of potters who had been given the order to fulfil had been working at it ever since through succeeding generations, till the service was finished. Here it was.

China Never Forgets

Forgotten by the English family, this poor Chinese family of potters had gone on serenely with the work, while strife or rebellion or invasion raged about them, while a province was riven from China and a dynasty fell.

China never forgets. She will have a share in the future, because that is her sure destiny, but it is in the past that her memories are rooted. A tale is told of a Chinese Emperor who, having watched mankind with the eye of a philosopher, came to the conclusion that conspiracies were hatched because men could whisper in each other's ears.

If there were no whispering there would be no plotting, so he decreed for all Chinamen broad-brimmed hats, so that ear could not be bent to whispered utterance. Plots are still hatched, treachery still speaks in whispers, but the Chinaman to this day wears the broad-brimmed hat of the wise Emperor.

A Wall of Water

By something like a miracle the River Clyde, a steam trawler of less than 280 tons, has come safely into port.

She was 200 miles west of St Kilda when she ran into a terrible storm. For hours she steamed at what was registered as full speed ahead, but she was actually being driven backward by the force of wind and sea, her propeller out of water half the time.

Suddenly the men in the wheelhouse saw a wall of water ahead. It rose up out of the night like a huge black mass. There was no time to try to steer away from it, and the only thing to do was to keep firm hold of the wheel. The wall advanced with incredible speed, a tidal wave of exceptional size. When it crashed upon the vessel it carried away the lifeboat, smashed the windows of the wheelhouse, bent the rails, and wrenched out the ship's winch, hurling it across the deck. Several of the crew were injured by flying glass, and as the ship plunged under the wave the electric supply failed and the wireless and sounding apparatus were thrown out of order.

Time after time the crew expected the ship to be capsized, but she rode the storm in fine style, reaching Fleetwood without the loss of a man.

More than 150,000 people have visited the Ford factory at Dagenham since 1934.

Warren Hastings

It is 150 years this week since the greatest trial in British history began in Westminster Hall, the trial of Warren Hastings. It lasted seven years.

WARREN HASTINGS was one of the most forceful and clever, romantic, and ill-used of Englishmen. The family was ancient and renowned, but the grandfather of Hastings was only a poor parson in the village where his ancestors had been lords of the manor. Half their property was spent in helping Charles Stuart, and the rest was confiscated. Little Warren began his education in the village school. His parents were dead and when his grandfather died an uncle took charge of him and sent him to Westminster School, where very quickly he was the head boy.

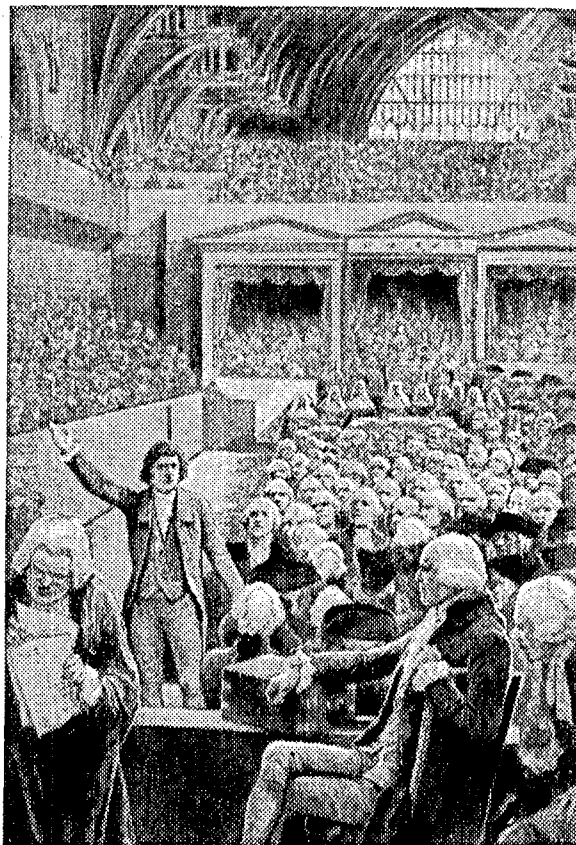
But his uncle also died, and the guardian under whom his uncle had placed him took him away from the school and, when he was 17, sent him to India into the office of the East India Company. By the time he was 21 he was in charge of a factory in Bengal. India was then in a most disturbed state. It was governed by many native princes who were frequently at war with each other; and there was rivalry between the European nations, the French, the English, the Dutch, and the Portuguese, who were seeking trade at their scattered factories, which were defended by forts. The native princes often engaged European officers, many being French, to drill and command their soldiers. The French and the English made agreements with some of the native princes, whom they then regarded as their allies.

When Hastings was 23 a mad young Indian prince, Suraj-ud-Dowlah, determined to drive the English out of Bengal. The first place he attacked was the factory which Hastings managed. Hastings and his staff were seized and imprisoned, and then Suraj-ud-Dowlah passed on to Calcutta, seized the fort there, and shut up 146 men in a tiny prison where 123 were suffocated for want of air. The governor and others had escaped to an island in the River Hooghly.

Serving With Clive

Hastings played a very clever part in the events that followed. He obtained some degree of freedom and kept the British authorities informed of the plans of the Indian Court. At last he had to escape to the island in the Hooghly. The sequel was that Robert Clive came with a British force from Madras, won the decisive battle of Plassey, and dominated Bengal. Hastings served under Clive at first as a volunteer private soldier, but Clive quickly saw his value, and when Suraj-ud-Dowlah was deposed Hastings was made the Company's agent at the Court of his Indian successor. At 28 he became a member of the Council administering the British possessions in Bengal.

After 14 years he returned to England, where he remained four years. By that time he had disposed of the moderate fortune he had made, giving much of it away to his relatives, for he was a generous man. On his application to the Company for another post he was sent out to be a member of the Council at Madras, and so successful was he that after two years he was made president of the Council at Calcutta, and the next year Governor-



Warren Hastings listens while Edmund Burke denounces him at the trial in Westminster Hall

General for five years, with a splendid salary. The village schoolboy of Daylesford had become the most powerful man in India.

Fifteen years later Warren Hastings was being tried in Westminster Hall for "high crimes and misdemeanours" during his years in India. The trial lasted more than seven years. The hearing of the case went on during 145 days. The cost to Hastings was £75,000, and it left him financially ruined. The final result was that he was acquitted of all the charges brought against him. It was the greatest trial recorded in British history.

A Great Englishman

At the beginning feeling was strongly against him, and the most eloquent men fanned it into a flame; but in the distant end feeling was in his favour. Nearly 30 years after he left India he went to the Houses of Parliament to give evidence on an Indian question, and as he left the House the members rose in honour of him as a great Englishman worthy of their respect. They realised that in a time of great difficulty he had served England and India with amazing ability, and had suffered misunderstanding and wrong, partly through the malevolence of his enemies. The East India Company relieved him from the poverty his long trial brought upon him. He had bought the estate of his forefathers at Daylesford, and lived there in honour throughout the later years of his life. His boyish ambitions were all realised.

THE COURT AND THE CHILD

A Second Chance in Life

In this naughty world our Juvenile Courts for naughty children are something to be proud of.

They are now 15 years old, and according to the report of the Children's Branch of the Home Office they grow every year better and better. The reason is that these merciful Courts ask not so much what the naughty young people have done but how they came to do it.

One of the answers is that only too often they come from miserable homes and squalid surroundings, where there is no one to tell them the way they should go. They are not children of the home—if by home is meant any sort of place where they are likely to be properly brought up—but children of the street. There they pick up anything but good.

A Friendly Atmosphere

The Children's Court of today is as much removed from a police court as it possibly can be. No stern-looking magistrate sits on a Bench, but somewhere round a table are several kindly-looking gentlemen, and in most courts a lady sits with them. She is one of the magistrates of the Children's Courts.

There is no dock for the young offender, no proper witness-box. The policeman who has to do with the case does not wear uniform. There is nothing alarming in the proceedings. They are less severe than if the offender were appearing to answer before the master for some offence at school.

One person appearing in these Courts is more important there than almost any other. He, or she, is the Probation Officer. Other witnesses, including the policeman without uniform, may tell what the naughty boy or girl has done. It may be an offence of pure mischief, window breaking, or ringing door bells, or making a general nuisance of himself. It may be picking and stealing. It may be something more serious.

The Approved School

But the probation officers make it their business to say what homes the children come from, and what sort of people their parents or guardians are.

All these things the Children's Courts take into consideration. Their responsibility is not to punish but to prevent.

It may be their duty to commit a juvenile offender to an approved school where he or she will be under close supervision; and this need has become more frequent since the age of the boys and girls who may be brought before them has been raised to 16.

These are the sadder cases, and arise most often among the sort of boy of whom it is said that nobody can do anything with him.

The greater and increasing number of children on whom the judicial eyes of these magistrates dwell are those who in happier circumstances would never have been brought before them at all. They are the Poor Jo's of our slums, whom the policemen in the days when Charles Dickens wrote *Bleak House* were always ordering to move on. They are better off nowadays. The policeman now is one of the Courts' helpers in moving them on to better surroundings.

Crime is Diminishing

They may be moved away from bad homes where they are in danger of drifting into crime or evil living to the charge of one who will properly care for them. This may be the probation officer. Or the boy or girl may be boarded out under the supervision of a local authority.

In other words, these Courts strive to do all in their power to bring these boys or girls who have had a bad start in life a second chance. The measure of their success, even now, seems to be that adult crime is diminishing. It seems as if the Children's Courts were helping to nip it in the bud.

OUR ROADS HAVE BLOTTED OUT A

**You may not b
what has happ**

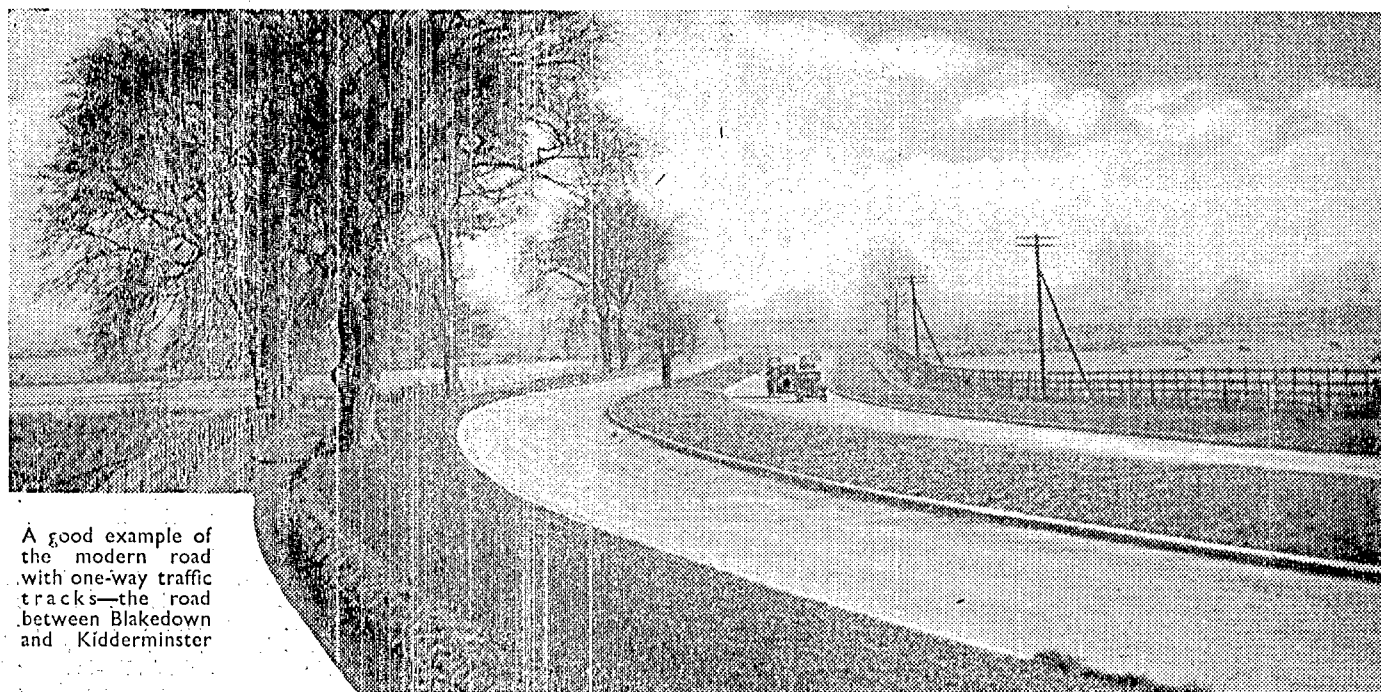
Roads are news today. They are tragic news every month when the casualty figures are published.

The motor-car has made them one of our most pressing problems. Great Britain has more than 2,900,000 motor-vehicles and only 178,000 miles of roads to contain them. There is one motor-vehicle to every 17 of the population, and every twelfth person has a driving licence. No other country has such dense traffic.

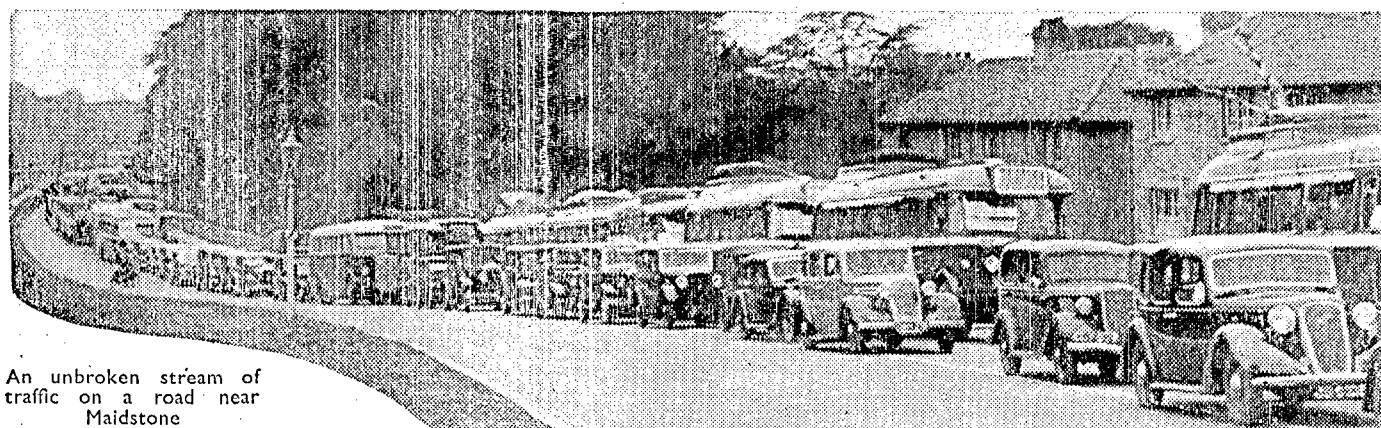
Congestion in the narrow tortuous streets of an old town forces the construction of a costly bypass road, on which reckless motorists are free to kill themselves and other people. The bypass becomes such a nightmare that careful drivers prefer the narrow streets, in which progress is too slow for serious accidents to happen. Eventually another fortune is spent on double-tracking the bypass, but in the meantime it has become the High Street of a new town owing to ribbon development.

Truly a Traffic Roundabout!

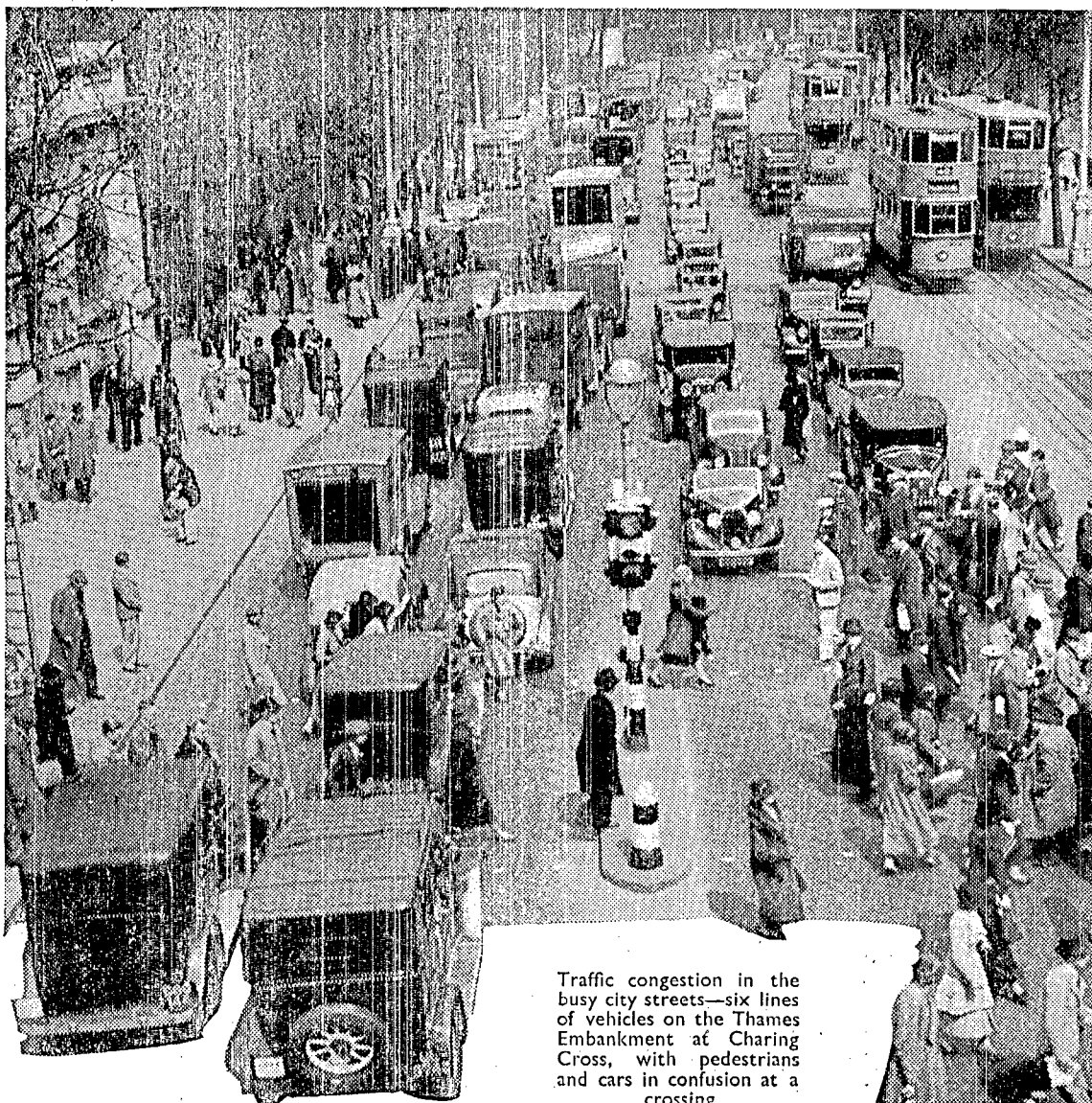
In busy city streets traffic is approaching the time when it will defeat its own purpose, cancel itself out. Already the time has arrived in London when it is quicker to walk than to motor, and the car is much slower than the old horse and pair of fifty years ago. In a London traffic-block the other day we saw an elderly man leave his Rolls-Royce



A good example of the modern road with one-way traffic tracks—the road between Blakedown and Kidderminster



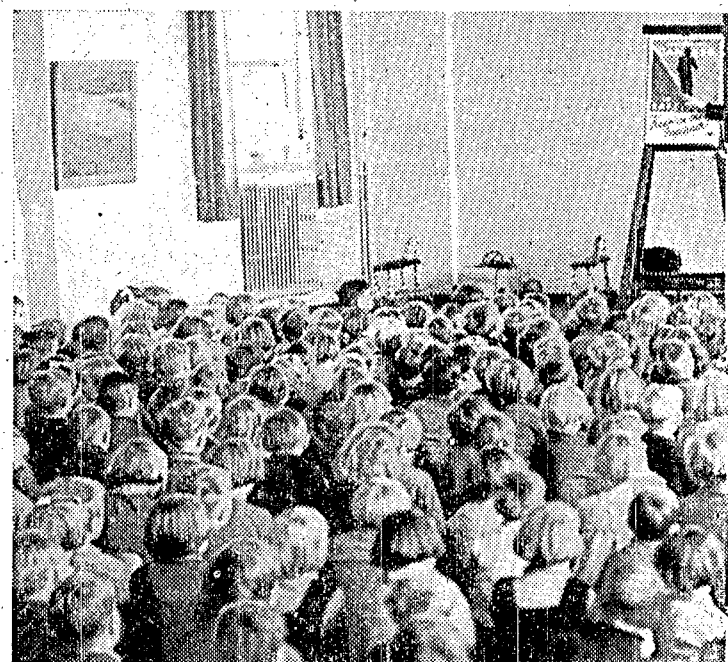
An unbroken stream of traffic on a road near Maidstone



Traffic congestion in the busy city streets—six lines of vehicles on the Thames Embankment at Charing Cross, with pedestrians and cars in confusion at a crossing



Setting an Example—Members of the new police patrol whose special duty it is to teach road courtesy



's Newspaper

February 19, 1938

TOWN OF SIXTY THOUSAND PEOPLE

believe it, but that is the equivalent of
lined on our roads in the last ten years.

and hobble slowly along the footpath.
He told his chauffeur in disgust that
he was in a hurry!

The Ministry of Transport has proved that a
car takes twice as long to travel through
London as round it. Average speed of one
journey in the City, less than 4 m p h.

What are we doing about it?

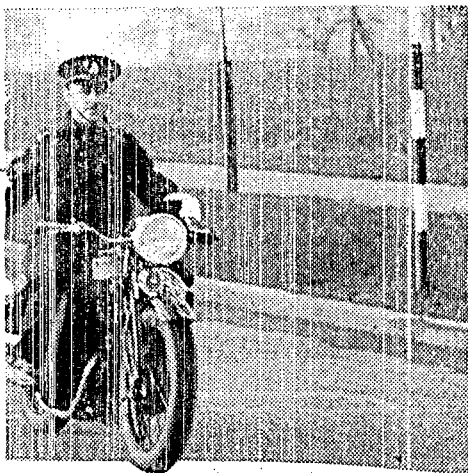
In one year payments from the
Road Fund toward upkeep and
improvement of roads amount to
£21,000,000. Local authorities spend
more millions.

In one year 7017 road bends were
banked, 2093 junctions improved,
1168 miles of footpaths made, and,
in this Age of Speed, 4793 new HALT
signs were erected.

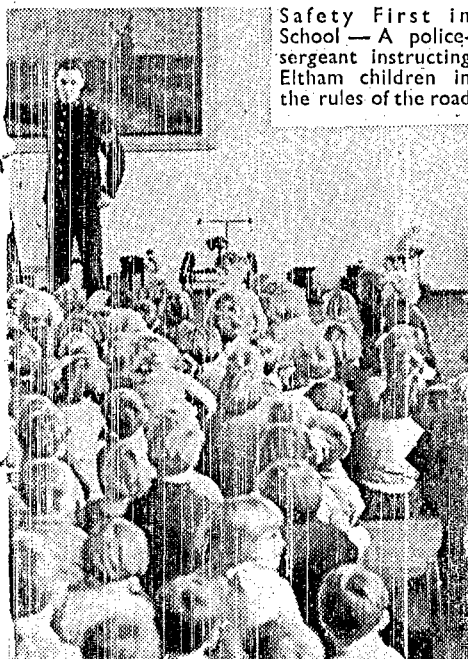
We are supposed to be in the midst
of the Government's Five Year Plan
for modernising our highways at a
cost of *one hundred million pounds*,
but experts are critical of the Plan's
tardy progress. Speed seems to be
slowing everything down.

A party of British M P's went to
Germany not long ago to inspect roads.
They came home and reported:

Outside the motor-ways, the standard for
German roads of all classes is inferior to
that of the comparable roads in Great
Britain. Great Britain, with less than half
the area of Germany, has already 40,000
more miles of roads, and British roads have
a much greater density than German roads.
We recommend that a plan be prepared
for a national scheme of motor-ways.



Safety First in
School — A police-
sergeant instructing
Eltham children in
the rules of the road



Motorists who have visited Germany
praise the great arterial motor-ways,
though cynics point out that they are
strategic routes planned with at least
one eye on military requirements.

Everyone knows that our roads
should be made safe for modern
traffic, but Authority has lately
awakened to the fact that cars should
be safe too.

For many years we have required
ships to be seaworthy, and planes to
be airworthy, but we are only taking
the first steps toward making cars
roadworthy. The police may test
brakes, windcreens must be of safety-
glass, headlights must be non-dazz-
ling—but countless old ruins still rattle
along the roads when they should be
on the scrap-heap.

And much too often it is not the
worn-out car that is a danger. Every-
body knows of new cars driven with
unreliable brakes. One popular car
we know of was sent back to the
makers ten times for its brakes, and
was at last fitted with new drums,
new linings, and new shoes, all free.
For a year this new car had been
working on bad brakes, and one of
the firm's testers had informed the
owner that the police allow a *fifty
per cent efficiency for brakes*. It is
impossible to know to what extent
such things add to the danger of the
roads, but their effect must be serious.

Drivers, too, are now supposed to
be roadworthy. Of 338,000 driving
tests conducted by Ministry of Trans-
port examiners nearly one in three of
the tests produced a failure.

The Government gave every home
in the land a copy of the Highway
Code, yet how many people know it?
Very few.

The overshadowing fact that really
constitutes the Road Problem is the
appalling number of accidents.

In ten years 67,100 people have lost their
lives on the roads. About 20 are killed and
600 injured every day.

A tragically large proportion of
these are children who have not
acquired "traffic-sense," and impetu-
ous young people who take risks.

Many schools have Safety First
lessons, but children under eight are
being killed at the rate of two a day.
Seven hundred little ones lost in a year.

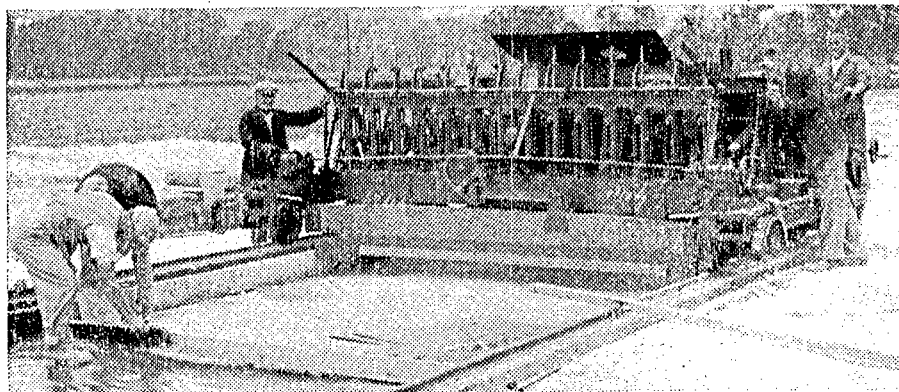
All kinds of devices and regulations
have been tried to reduce the toll;
but the accidents go on. "Accidents"
we call them, but there are no
accidents. There are crimes of care-
lessness by drivers and pedestrians.
Motorists may be prosecuted for
passing a red traffic-light, but foolish
pedestrians are still allowed to imperil
their own and other lives by crossing
roads where and when they choose.

In one year nearly 2400 new
pedestrian crossings were laid down,
bringing the total to about 27,000.

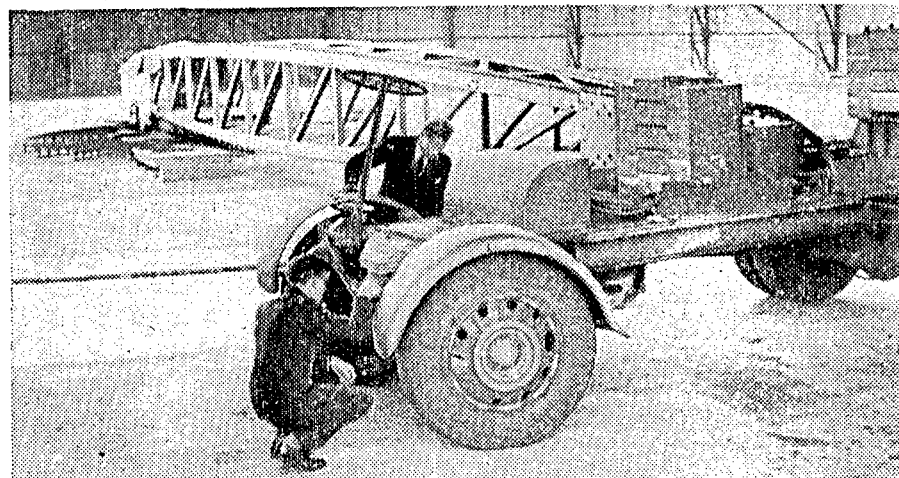
Fewer and better crossings would, I
believe, make for real protection for
pedestrians. *Minister of Transport*

On the average one million pounds a
week is spent to make our roads safe for
traffic, and 5000 persons a week are still
injured on them.

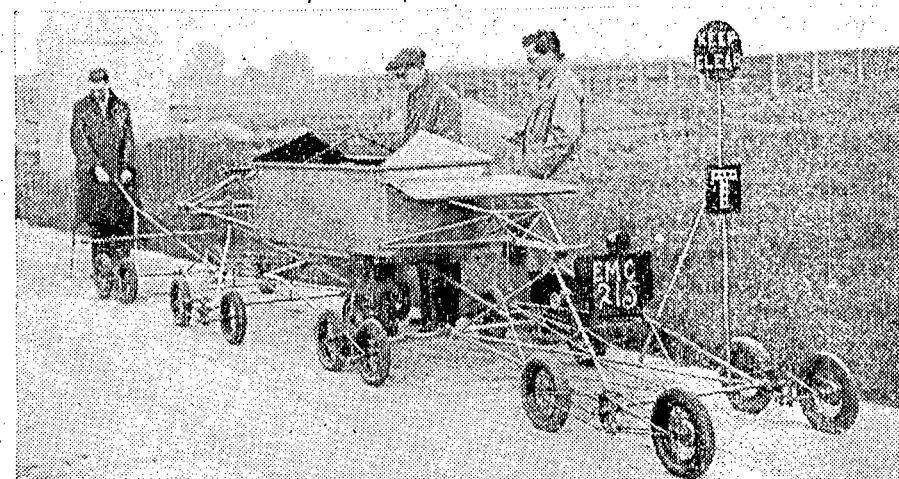
Secretary of Safety First Association



A new apparatus which lays 200 yards of concrete road in eight hours



A machine at the Ministry of Transport's Research Station for testing road surfaces



Another machine at the Road Research Station which reveals irregularities in road surfaces

Some people hold that Speed is at
the root of the trouble, but motorists
deny that speed in itself is dangerous.
In any case, there are 40,000 miles
of British roads with the 30 m p h.
limit. Most of the accidents involving
death and injury occur on the lower
speed roads, presumably because they
are usually busy streets.

The latest move is that a Select
Committee of the House of Lords is
to consider "what steps should be
taken to reduce the number of
casualties on the roads."

The Cherry Tree

*I'll find a road to Somewhere
And plant a Cherry Tree,
And everyone would come where
They'd heard it was to be,
And say, "It must be lonely
Without a single friend—
How wonderful if only
We'd trees from end to end!"
If all of us were willing
How easy it would be,
We'd each give up a shilling
And plant a Cherry Tree.*

Written by A. A. Milne for the Children
of the Roads Beautifying Association.

Recent remarks by the Minister of
Transport are:

I am quite sure that if we bring about
better hours, wages, and terms of employ-
ment of the lorry driver we shall make a
contribution to safety on the roads.

If we give cyclists an alternative track
over greater lengths of road, and encourage
its use, we shall contribute to safety.

We shall contribute by magistrates
realising their powers a little more clearly
and by making a driver pass a driving test
after a serious accident.

Impatience is one of the major causes of
accidents on the roads.

The report for last year by the
Ministry of Transport shows that
6591 people were killed and 226,339
injured. There was some satisfaction
that the figures were not worse.
*Have we given up hoping that they will
improve?*

A committee of 19 legal experts has
undertaken the task of codifying road
law in England and Wales. At
present our highway laws are scattered
through scores of Acts of Parliament
passed during a hundred years. The
committee will seek to make them
simple, uniform, and concise in one or
two new Acts.

But who will make our roads safe
for our people?

GOOD NEWS FOR THE COALMINE

A Fire-Damp Detector

The day for which miners have long been waiting is about to dawn. At last we may believe that the terror of fire-damp is about to be swept away.

After four years of experiments what is known as a fire-damp detector has been produced, and is likely to give a bigger margin of safety in our mines than ever before. Tests have shown that the instrument is thoroughly reliable, and that it really does detect the presence of the dangerous gas.

It seems likely that the detector will be made a compulsory equipment of all collieries where fire-damp occurs; and it is certain that mine-owners will gladly avail themselves of the invention. Installed in the workings, the instruments control dials in various parts of the mine, and a dial above ground enables the colliery manager to know the condition of the air below, and to give ample warning when fire-damp shows signs of accumulating.

Perfect by the Safety-in-Mines Research Board at their station in Sheffield, the instrument may well be one of the greatest blessings to miners since the invention of the safety lamp.

The Trust to the Rescue

One of Cheshire's wonderful old timbered halls has been in sad danger, but the ever-ready Pilgrim Trust has promised to help to save it for the nation.

Moreton Old Hall, near Congleton, is built round three sides of a courtyard and surrounded by a moat. It contains lovely old furniture and some fine pewter.

The present owner is Bishop Abraham, who has spent £4000 on restoration work, and is anxious to hand it over to the National Trust when the fund permits.

Dr Nansen and the Wonderful Sky

Those who are hoping again to see the wonderful spectacle of the aurora borealis will be interested to read the description of the spectacle by Dr Nansen. In his story of the Fram, the ship in which he drifted across the Arctic long before Russian scientists dreamed of doing so, we read the following.

Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the Arctic night. It is dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is colour etherealised. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, yet they are all there. No forms—it is all faint, dreamy colour music, a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings.

Is not all life's beauty high, and delicate, and pure like this night? Give it brighter colours and it is no longer so beautiful. The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into lilac and violet at the edges.

Up in the blue shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do, those unchanging friends. Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver, changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts

again, in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays; and then the glory vanishes.

Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith; and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light, vague as a foreboding; they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. But now it is growing again; new lightnings shoot up; and the endless game begins afresh. And all the time this utter stillness, impressive as the symphony of infinitude.

I have never been able to grasp the fact that this earth will some day be spent and desolate and empty. To what end, in that case, all this beauty, with not a creature to rejoice in it? Now I begin to divine it. This is the coming earth; here are beauty and death. But to what purpose? Ah, what is the purpose of all these spheres? Read the answer if you can in the starry blue firmament.

The Boundary Line

Living a perfectly normal life in their home in the north-west of London, Mr and Mrs A. G. Signy still live a very divided life, especially at meal-times; for while one eats in Hendon the other eats in Hampstead, the reason being that the boundary line runs through the centre of their table.

Two sets of rates have to be paid, and one half of the house is rated much higher than the other.

A wireless beacon is being built at Flamborough Head, the famous promontory on the Yorkshire coast.

The Parrot in the Film

Igor Stravinsky, the famous Russian composer, has been awarded damages of three-halfpence in a Paris court against an American film company.

The composer said that a detective film dishonoured his ballet bearing the same name. He would not have minded, he said, if the bird in the film had been a nightingale, but as it was only a parrot he strongly objected.

The court decided that the film was not based on the ballet, but as some of the composer's *Danse Infernale* had been played in the film he was awarded the penny-halfpenny damages.

A ROSE WITHOUT THORNS

And an Orange that Looks Like a Lemon

Since the U.S.A. made it possible for an inventor to patent a new flower or vegetable, a tremendous impetus has been given to experimenters to discover all kinds of novel plants and fruits.

Just as pigs have now been made to fly (in an aeroplane), and silk purses have been made from a sow's ears (by converting the hairs into artificial silk), so today we have the rose without thorns. It is one of the outstanding patents taken out in 1937, and known briefly as Patent Number 45.

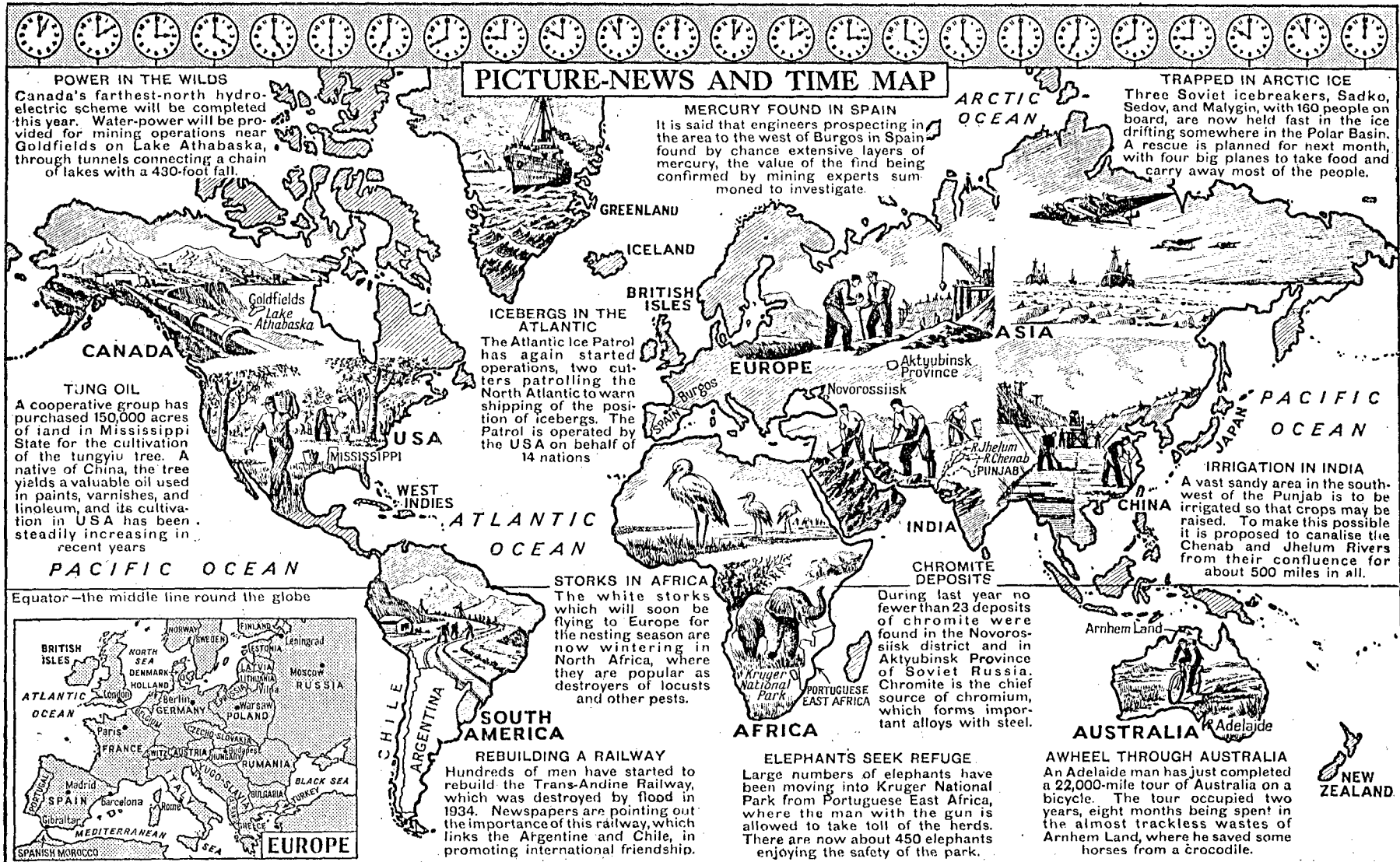
During the past year over a hundred patents for new types of rose trees were taken out by horticultural inventors in America. But the two of outstanding interest were those of the thornless rose and of a rose bush which gives "almost black roses."

Nature is always very reluctant to give way, and even the inventor of this rose tree refers in his patent specification to the rose as being "almost thornless" only! She must indeed think that modern horticulturalists are trying to poke fun at her, for other patents granted in 1937 were for an orange that looks like a lemon, a rose that looks like a peony, and a monstrous pansy with stems four feet high.

The inventions of real importance are the many ones relating to trees for forestry, which show a far greater resistance to diseases than before, and give paper fibres that produce far finer kinds of paper than any which have up to the present been made from wood pulp.

For People Only

On a notice-board in a street in the old city of Jerusalem are the words *For People Only*, an unusual regulation meaning that no animals of any kind are allowed there.



CASSIOPEIA'S GREAT SUNS

Watching For a Star's Reflection in a Nebula

By the C.N. Astronomer

The charming constellation of Cassiopeia has recently offered an additional attraction in the mysterious happenings to its bright star Gamma.

The star-map shows the striking arrangement of Cassiopeia's chief stars, five producing the familiar W now high in the north-west sky in the evening, and six stars producing the form popularly known as Cassiopeia's Chair, though, as she was a queen in the Greek story, she should be sitting on a throne.

Lying across that grand belt of stellar light the Milky Way, this constellation has a background of rare beauty in which myriads of suns sparkle from remote depths. With the help of glasses on a dark and clear night many of these may be seen, a truly gorgeous array.

The brightest of the seven stars shown on our star-map is Schedar, or Alpha. This is one of the giant suns, radiating at least 200 times more light than our Sun; and so, were Schedar as near, we should have a grand golden orb something like 50 times wider than our Sun in the heavens. But, as it is, Schedar is about 10,300,000 times farther off, though rapidly coming toward us at about 580 miles a minute.

It is Gamma, a star which normally is scarcely as bright as Schedar and has an eleventh magnitude companion, that is of particular interest just now, because for some time past it has been seen to be much brighter. It reached 1.6 magnitude, which shows what a terrific convulsion must have occurred on this sun. Gamma is enveloped in incandescent helium and hydrogen, and its surface is between two and three times hotter than that of our Sun. So intense are the radiations from this star that it is believed that they light up some vast masses of radiant nebulous matter many thousands of millions of miles distant.

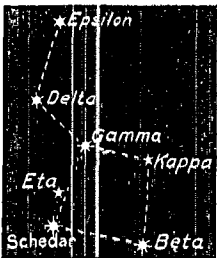
Astronomers are now watching this vast nebula, to see if it becomes more brilliant as a consequence of the central sun's great blaze up, and if there is any reflection, as it were, of the great outburst. Measurements of the distance of Gamma are not very definite, but it is at least 150 light-years away, in which case Gamma would normally radiate about 280 times more light than our Sun.

A Flaming World

Beta is a much nearer and smaller sun radiating only about 20 times more light, which takes about 46 years to reach us. That from Delta takes 112 years, but Epsilon, another giant sun of the Orion type, is upward of a thousand light-years distant.

The little star Eta is very interesting because we know a great deal about it. Being much the nearest, at a distance of only 18½ light-years, it may be seen, even through a small telescope, to be composed of two suns, one yellow and the smaller one greenish. Though apparently close together, they are 5115 million miles apart, the smaller 7½-magnitude sun (or should we say flaming world?) revolving round the other in an orbit nearly twice the diameter of Neptune's and taking 346 years to complete a revolution. When this flaming body dies down it will make a colossal world, as it is three-fifths as massive as our Sun. The central sun is about the same size as our Sun, and also revolves in a large orbit, but within that of the other.

G. F. M.



The chief stars of Cassiopeia as they appear at present

THE ROMANCE OF ALLOYS

Heavier Than Lead and Lighter Than Aluminium

Something of the wonders of some new alloys has been told to a scientific conference on New Materials by Mr E. G. Liddiard.

He could deal with only a few because, as a recent directory of them tells us, there are over 7000 engineering alloys with names and compositions known. They are today everywhere in metals in common use. Our civilisation is based on them. Even the simplest steel is an alloy which owes its properties to other elements than iron.

Some of the more striking are those in which aluminium is the chief partner. Aluminium in commercial form is only 50 years old, and it used to be regarded as a light and flimsy metal. But now, as Mr Liddiard tells us, there are copper-zinc aluminium alloys with strengths up to a strain of 33 tons to the square inch, which is exactly ten times the strength of pure aluminium.

Powder Metallurgy

Aluminium alloyed with steel prevents rusting. With copper it prevents corrosion in sea-water, and a film of aluminium on reflecting mirrors gives new optical properties to them. Some of these large-size aluminium mirrors will play a part in the future of Television.

Others metals playing a part in alloys, where lightness is not sought, are tungsten, copper, and nickel. A new process has sprung into use and value called powder metallurgy. By mixing powders of these three metals, and heating them beyond the melting point of one of them a new alloy is obtained which is denser and nearly half as heavy again as lead.

Lead is very largely employed by those who have to handle radium or penetrating X-rays. It acts as a shield in absorbing these rays, and till lately the "bombs" which in hospitals and elsewhere enclosed the radium in use were made of it. But the new heavy alloy will probably supersede lead protection.

At the other end of the scale are the light alloys. Magnesium is the lightest metal in use, and its alloys are becoming of considerable importance in the construction of aircraft.

Off With His Head

"Off with his head, so much for Buckingham!" (which, as we all know, was not written by Shakespeare) would seem to indicate the proper punishment for Boris Shumiatsky, supreme chief of the Soviet film industry, who has been merely dismissed from office! We say this because his crime was indeed a terrible one.

He took our R. L. Stevenson's Treasure Island to make a film, and treated it abominably. Jim Hawkins became Jenny Hawkins, a girl who drank rum and danced with the wicked pirates! Shumiatsky also dragged the Irish Revolution into the story, and made the treasure hunt a search for revolutionary funds!

"A horrible example for Soviet children," the official Russian film organ called it, and we are glad to agree that Boris was properly dismissed.

But many a Russian has lost his head for doing less.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Rainfall.	2.24 ins.	Falmouth	6.45 ins.
Sunshine	45 hrs.	South'pton	3.50 ins.
Dry days	17	Birm'ham	3.07 ins.
Wet days	14	Aberdeen	2.36 ins.
Coldest day	3rd	Tynemouth	2.20 ins.
Wettest day	16th	Gorleston	1.81 ins.
Warmest day	24th	Chester	1.49 ins.

EVERYTHING TO SEE IN LONDON

Chorus of Welcome for the Editor's Book

The London volume of the King's England series has had a great welcome from far and wide, and we give some of the notices below. The book is issued at 12s 6d by Hodder and Stoughton, and is, we believe, the most complete single volume existing on the capital.

The book is indeed a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance, and no phase of London's activities or achievements seems to have escaped attention; even the contents of the museums are treated with remarkable fullness and with a sound sense of topical and popular interest. The book is altogether an admirable summary of London.

The Observer

No book about London is more up-to-date and more exhaustive than Mr Arthur Mee's London. It is excellent value.

Northern Whig

No one but Arthur Mee could have written such a charming, intimate, and complete book about the greatest city in the world as his London. He does not seem to have missed anything. It is a great experience to tread the historic streets with Arthur Mee and have the story told in his own simple and illuminating way.

Kentish Independent

Invaluable as a guide, the book is also a fascinating fireside companion, with its thousands of stories of the celebrities and nonentities bound up in the marvellous structure that is London.

Sunday Mercury

A comprehensive account, in the fascinating style which characterises all Arthur Mee's writings, of everything to see in the 117 square miles of the County of London.

Reading Standard

Mr Mee presents everything there is to see in the capital, missing nothing.

Sheffield Telegraph

Endowed with a love for the great city of which he writes, Mr Mee leads his reader through the mazes of the Metropolis with a ready eye for all that is of interest.

The Scotsman

It gives everything that anyone would apparently want to know about any part of London.

Westminster News

Fascinating. The general narrative, with its blend of ancient and modern, is captivating and interesting, and the pictures are beautiful. No one who reads it can fail to love it.

Hackney Gazette

A very wonderful and up-to-date guide-book, which is yet much more than a guide-book, being packed full of the rich history which haunts the great city. A fascinating volume.

Methodist Times

As comprehensive as any single volume on so colossal a subject can be. Mr Mee is an attractive and well-equipped guide. He has a genuine feeling for the past and a frank appreciation of the present. His chapters on the great national collections are a model of skilful expression; he is exceptionally at ease when describing architectural beauties. He has also a refreshing enthusiasm.

Daily Mail

Those who fondly believe they know their London, with those who are making its first acquaintance, will gather knowledge here hardly to be obtained elsewhere. Of the series the publishers have described as the King's England, in which is being built the arch of the English Pageant, this volume is destined to be the corner-stone.

Buxton Advertiser

Never was a guide-book more worth the money. Mr Mee presents an enormous fund of information, not in history-book fashion, but with an easy, readable style that fascinates and holds the attention. He has done his enormous task with infinite trouble and striking success. Such thoroughness and conciseness are rare.

South London Press

Children!
Copy & colour me



150 BIG PRIZES 1,000 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Children and "grown-ups" too, prefer Robertson's "Golden Shred." They like its full fruit flavour, because all the indigestible pith and fibre is removed, and only the goodness of the orange and pure sugar is used. Ask Mother to buy a jar and give you the wrapper to enter the Competition.

Winners will have choice of: Tricycles, Cameras, Dolls, Houses and Prams, Aeroplanes, Tennis rackets, Toy motors, Tool cabinets, Writing desks, Firework sets, Dolls, Model railways, Work baskets, Yachts, Footballs, Meccano sets, Cricket bats.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:

- 1 Copy or trace the picture of Robertson's Golliwog and colour him with crayon or water colour.
- 2 Send it with two wrappers, one Robertson's "Golden Shred" and the other "Bramble Seedless."
- 3 You can send in as many attempts as you like but each one must be accompanied by two wrappers.
- 4 Age will be taken into consideration—closing date, March 31, 1938.
- 5 The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into.
- 6 Send your drawing to ROBERTSON'S COMPETITION DEPARTMENT (T4), 356/364 Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1, with two wrappers from Robertson's jars. State name, address, age.

★ The names of the 150 big prizewinners will be published in the Daily Sketch, April 30.



Willington



Never was there a more lovable band of merry rascals than Tiger Tim and the jolly Bruin Boys, whose funny adventures appear every week in this delightful paper. There are lots of other entertaining features in TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY, including stories, picture puzzles, jokes and riddles.



A BARK IN YOUR EAR

Have you noticed the little medal I am wearing? It is the badge of the Faithful Friends' Guild, and I feel very proud to think that my mistress looks upon me as a Faithful Friend. I'm told that cats and other pets can also join. Many of my fellow dogs, as well as other animals, are experimented upon by Vivisectioners, which means that they perform these experiments upon living animals. Many of the experiments are very painful, and if you could see some of the poor animals who have been crippled and cut about by these Vivisectioners, you would be shocked.

The members of The National Anti-Vivisection Society are trying to stop this dreadful suffering of dogs and other animals, and they have founded the Faithful Friends' Guild for the pets of those who wish to help them in their fight against Vivisection.

When my mistress heard about it she said we must do our bit, and so she sent a subscription—it was only 2/-—to the Registrar of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, and in return I had a membership certificate and this medal which I am wearing to show that my mistress and I want to help the poor animals who are being treated so cruelly. Wouldn't you like your pet to be a member, too?



FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

APPLICATION FORM FOR MEMBERSHIP TO The Faithful Friends' Guild.

Address: THE REGISTRAR,
THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY,
92, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

PLEASE enrol my Faithful Friend (name).....
as a Member of THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS' GUILD. I enclose his/her
Entrance Fee of 2/- (two shillings), which entitles him/her to receive a collar
medallion and a membership certificate.

Signed.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Title or Rank)

Address.....
C.N.1

PAST AND PRESENT The Poor After 96 Years

The famous Thomas Carlyle was much concerned with poverty.

In his book *Past and Present* he quotes what he found in the *Return of Paupers* in England and Wales at the end of March 1842, and here it is:

Indoor Paupers 221,687
Outdoor Paupers 1,207,402

That was in a population of only 16 millions!

A century later we have dropped the horrible word pauper, but still the poor are with us. Today the number receiving poor relief has fallen, though the population has risen to 40 millions. In September it was 1,017,317, of whom 151,870 were in institutions and 865,447 receiving relief in their homes.

This is an improvement on 1842, but the number is still surprising, for in 1842 there was no Unemployment Benefit and no Unemployment Assistance Board to help able-bodied persons not receiving the insurance benefit. In 1937 these totalled 1,600,000.

But that does not complete the comparison, for now there are Old Age Pensions and Widows Pensions and other reliefs which did not exist in 1842. There must be at least 300,000 such pensioners who would be otherwise receiving poor relief, and the figures for 1937 give us this contrast.

Poor Relieved
In Carlyle's time 1,400,000
In 1937 2,900,000

In the 1842 population one in eleven was being relieved; today it is one in 14.

When allowance is made for the fact that public assistance is more thorough than 96 years ago it is not a comfortable thought that still so large a proportion of the population has need of assistance.

Baynard's Castle

Among the Wards of the City of London is Castle Baynard, named 800 years ago after a Norman who built a castle.

That ward of so romantic a name is very near to the C.N. and is in fact only just over the way from John Carpenter House, on the other side of New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

When a wardmote was held there the other day to elect a new Common Councillor, Sir Alexander Livingstone, on whom the honour was conferred, said that Castle Baynard Ward represented the Church, the Bible, and the chivalry and romance of England.

The Church resided in the majesty of St Paul's Cathedral, the Bible in the offices of the Bible Society, and chivalry and romance in the College of Heraldry.

Castle Baynard itself, it may be added, used to guard the western entrance to the Ward, where The Times now stands sentinel, as one of the guardians of the liberty of the Press.

Mail by Dogs

Teams of dogs carried over 160 pounds of mail in the French Alps recently, where very heavy falls of snow made this method of transport necessary. Working at an altitude of 6000 feet, over a distance of 37 miles, the average speed of the teams was about five miles an hour.

MANCHESTER'S HUNDRED YEARS

Pictures That Should Help the Pageant Makers

This year Manchester is to celebrate the rooth anniversary of its becoming a municipal borough.

They have been 100 years of amazing growth, and their story may well be told again in a great historical pageant which the City Fathers are planning. The pageant will be presented in the famous Platt Fields, probably at the end of June.

It is almost certain that those responsible for this spectacular representation will derive inspiration from the story of Manchester as we may see it portrayed in the noblest room in the town hall. About 100 feet long, its walls are enriched with a famous series of paintings by Ford Madox Brown. We read the story of them in Arthur Mee's *Lancashire*, one of the King's England Series, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

Beautiful Frescoes

Ford Madox Brown, who lived through more than 70 years of the 19th century, had just completed these 12 frescoes when he died. He was engaged on them about five years. He had already revolutionised English art, inspiring the Pre-Raphaelites and bringing colour and imagination into our galleries, and the 12 pictures in this hall show well his fine sense of style and his mastery of composition.

The first panel shows the Roman legionaries building a fort where Manchester stands, a centurion holding the plan while a general gives his orders; in the picture is the mischievous little son of the general. The next panel shows the baptism of King Edwin in the little wooden church which stood where York Minster stands, the beginning of Christianity in the North, with a fine study of Paulinus, the saintly Archbishop, and a charming group of Queen Ethelberga and her children.

The Flemish Weavers

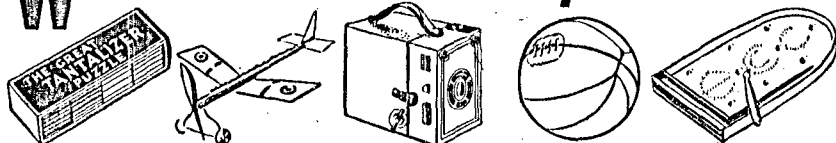
Next comes the expulsion of the Danes, the young freebooters running the gauntlet of the Saxon townsfolk as the soldiers of King Alfred's son drive them toward the city gates. Queen Philippa in the fourth panel is examining the cloth of Flemish weavers; she encouraged their coming, and their settlement in Manchester started its textile industry. In the next picture John Wycliffe is on trial in old St Paul's, John of Gaunt defending him and Geoffrey Chaucer taking notes in the background. A sixth panel shows the bellman reading a proclamation in the 16th century for testing weights and measures, with one of Humphrey Chetham's schoolboys listening, carrying his bow and arrows.

Two Drapers

In the seventh panel we see William Crabtree, the draper who helped Jeremiah Horrocks with his calculations; he is seen sitting with his family as he watches the transit of Venus, which Horrocks saw (the first time it was seen in human history) from the little room above his church porch when he was a curate. It is a famous draper who comes next, Humphrey Chetham himself, looking at his will; and in the next panel we see the defeat of the king's troops by Bradshaw and his 40 musketeers.

The ninth panel has John Kay escaping from the rioters after his invention of the fly shuttle, the tenth has the opening of the Bridgewater Canal, with James Brindley looking on, and in the last we see John Dalton, the Manchester schoolmaster, collecting marsh gas for experiments.

Which of these would you like? they're FREE!



TANTALIZER PUZZLE This is a really grand game for wet week-ends. 15 coupons and Free Voucher.

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OUR ACCOUNT WITH THE BIRDS

What We Owe and What They Owe

We owe much to the birds. Professor James Ritchie, of Edinburgh University, has lately been saying how much less they owe to us.

On the balance of gain and loss he showed that meadow larks and hedge sparrows more than pay their way by eating insects or weed seeds. In two estimates of their food made by a scientific inquiry over given areas in the United States, the larks accounted for 343 tons of insects in the nesting season, and the sparrows 875 tons of weed seeds in a winter.

On the other hand, not only sparrows, which are far from being praised in America or Australia, but other birds (like the starling) have been encouraged to seek new homes by the food afforded by the crops. The starling was once a rare bird in England, but is so far from being rare now that it is accused of all sorts of misdemeanours. The little owl is another newcomer accused of all sorts of misdemeanours, including attacks on the young of other birds, but lately inquirers have found that it consumes leather-jackets, rats, and other pests, as mentioned in the CN last week.

A few years ago we were told that the sparrow was ousting the swallow and the house martin. Actually the numbers of these birds have increased during the last three summers.

Bird Populations Increasing?

If man alleges crimes against the birds, they have far more reason for complaint against him. In two recent years we in Great Britain imported half a million live quail from Egypt, for the table, and Italy far more. Great Britain, greatly to her credit, has lately passed a bill prohibiting the importation of quail, and we have also done our best to stop the sale of plovers' eggs.

Civilisation has told on bird life in other ways than that of greedy or wanton destruction. Thousands of migrating birds are attracted to their death by lighthouses every year, though these numbers are practically small compared with migrants lost at sea. But the oil discharged on the waters takes its toll in tens of thousands of birds every year.

Professor Ritchie believes that in spite of all depredations the bird population of civilised lands is increasing. In wild countries the result may on balance be the same, despite the assaults of egg hunters and those who slay the loveliest birds for their plumage.

An anecdote is told of a small boy who, when reproached by a philanthropic lady for bird-nesting, and asked to think how the mother bird would feel when she came back to an empty nest, retorted that the mother bird would not come back. *The reason he gave was that the bird was in the lady's hat.*

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of February 1913

The Zoo Let Loose. We are to have the finest addition that the London Zoo has yet seen—a vast creation of hill and hiding-place, of lakes and lawns, for the animals, and of jolly little walks for visitors.

The new extension is provided by the generosity of Mr J. Newton Mappin, the head of a great business in London and the provinces. The new works will be completed within a year. They will comprise a series of enclosures, arranged in four large terraces, and in each terrace the animals will roam at will.

The new extension will be a splendid step in the great reform which is being carried out at the Zoo, with the object of releasing the animals from stuffy dens.

SHOES, PEARS, AND SWEETS

The Roman Hobnail

What we eat, what we wear, and how we live, all come under the eye of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Their annual report of their stewardship begins with food, especially that coming to us from foreign parts, frozen on its journey or when it arrives. We learn from it how apples are preserved for us so that all can have an apple a day every day of the year. Good news is that pears can now be stored in gas chambers better than apples. Grapes, strawberries, and asparagus will follow.

Shoes, since the Romans came with hobnails in them to these shores, have always been a matter of interest to the British people. The Romans had shoes for various occupations. The well-to-do wore sandals, which they left off at meals, but the field labourer and the soldier wore loose leathern shoes with hobnails in the soles. The legionaries have left their imprint on some Roman roads. In the same way the Boot and Shoe Research Association is searching for the best kinds of shoes for various occupations. They are trying to find the best shoe, or boot, for the policeman, the railway porter, the shop assistant, and the nurse.

Children will be interested to learn that sweets are also under investigation. How should their toffee be made so as to last longest and taste best. As for the jujube, the pastille, and the gum, they are in need of improvement, so that they may melt in the mouth instead of becoming tough and leathery.

Metals are being investigated from every side; cotton and wool are receiving every day new products of invention; and last but not least the roads which carry the cycle, the car, the bus, and the lorry are being subjected to the most rigorous examination to make them safer and more enduring.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

There will be an interesting Nature talk by Mr C. C. Gaddum next Tuesday on Squirrels, and on Thursday Mr Hugh Ross Williamson will take us on board the Golden Hind to meet Francis Drake and Queen Elizabeth. On Friday Miss Stevenson will take us along the trail of Livingstone in Africa.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Seed Sowing: by C. F. Lawrence. 2.30 Junior Music—The Minor Mode: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Red and Grey Squirrels: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Dramatic reading from Macbeth. 3.0 Mendelssohn's Solo Songs: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Godfrey, King of Jerusalem: by Howard Hayden. 2.30 The Control of Pests: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Studio Concert—Trombone and Percussion instruments: arranged by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Where Timber is King: by H. R. Lenanton. 2.5 Our Village—The Spring Sowing. 2.30 Ships and Seamen: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 In the Footsteps of Livingstone: by Elizabeth Stevenson. 2.30 Dust Bowl. 2.55 Play from Chaucer—the Prologue and the Cook's Tale. 3.15 Next Week's Broadcast Music.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (Two th sounds): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Telling your Feelings): by Anne McAllister. 2.5 The Fish Market: by John Stephen. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—Some Life Stories Unravelling: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Making Tunes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Return of the Migrants: by G. W. MacAllister. 3.5 Scottish History—The Lone Shelling: by J. D. Mackie.

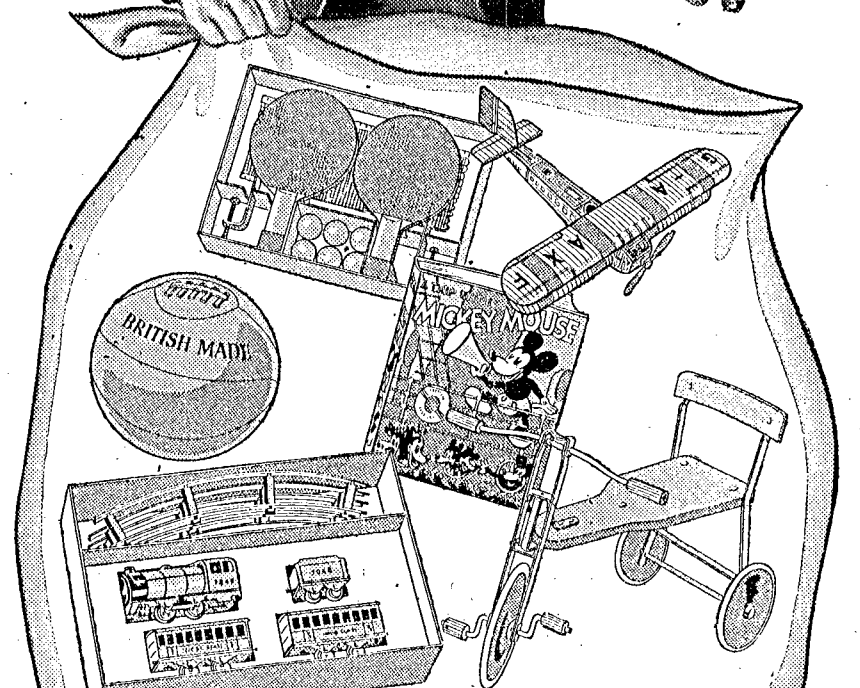
FRIDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—To the Edge of the World: by H. R. Fletcher. 2.55 Play—The Legend of Finella.

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ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Ninth Envelope

CHAPTER 3 A Long Journey

THERE was silence a moment. Then echoing David's question, "What's the matter?" Parker responded. "Why, nothing that I know of. Mr Tournier left me the key of his flat and asked me to look in now and then while he was away to see everything was all right. That's all," he repeated. "And now," he added, "the master will be needing me."

And he led David down the passage and locked the door after them.

It was while they were working together next Monday morning that Parker brought in a telegram which threw his master into a state of extreme agitation. For after he had peered at it through his spectacles he huskily bade David to read it out. Which he did:

Come at once. Brother met with bad accident.

JEAN.

"Jean! You are sure the sender is Jean?" the old gentleman gasped.

"Yes, the name's Jean all right, sir."

"Then I must go! She's my sister. I must go at once. Wait—wait—there's a job to be done first."

With this Mr Goodman seized another of his envelopes and, crumpling it with his scribbles, sealed it hurriedly.

"Here! Take it to Vibond as quickly as you can," he commanded. "See, I've numbered it, as I always do. It's number nine. Be sure you point that out to Vibond, reminding him that this completes my notes for Part I of my work."

David took the envelope, and was turning to go when the querulous accents stopped him. "Tell Vibond to give you a cheque for me. It is part of our bargain that he pays something on account when Part I is completed. You needn't tell Vibond I've been called away by a telegram. That's no business of his. Understand?"

"Yes," said David.

"Good lad, good lad!"

So David sped off, and was presently back with the cheque, at which the old gentleman snatched like a dog at a bone. Then, summoning Parker, he bade the man go off and change it.

To David it seemed that, considering his miserable eyesight, he had very quickly distinguished the form of the cheque.

"And now," he continued to David, "I shall have to take Parker with me to help with my brother, so I tell you what I want you to do for me, Renwick. My books here are far too valuable to be left unprotected, to say nothing of the printer's proofs of my life's work." He pulled out a drawer and showed it full of a number of printed slips. "See? You shall be their custodian while I'm away. I'll leave you my key, and I want you to stay in the flat till I'm back—very soon, I hope. You must sleep here and make your own breakfast, but you can run out for your other meals to a restaurant. Will you do that?"

After a little hesitation David agreed.

"That's good, my dear Renwick. I shall pay you £5 when I'm back."

Then Parker returned and started packing the bags, while David was set down in front of a railway guide to look out the earliest train to St Strephen in Cornwall.

David saw them into their taxi, inquiring last thing whether nine o'clock would be early enough for his return to the flat.

"Yes, but not later, dear lad. And don't sit up wasting my light."

But David was back with the dusk, and, showing no lights at all, he undressed himself, smiling strangely, and went to bed.

Awakened by a violent shuffling of the bell, he slipped on a dressing-gown, then glanced at the time, to perceive that he had nearly slept the clock round. Proceeding to the front door, he opened it promptly to a short, pasty-faced gentleman who seemed in a hurry, for he pushed himself right in. He was puffing and blowing, and when he got enough breath he asked angrily for Mr Goodman.

"I must see him, whether he's up or not," he roared.

"I am sorry, Mr Vibond," David replied. "But you can see Mr Goodman is not here. He has been called away."

Mr Vibond's pasty face darkened.

"Where is he?" he snapped.

"I can't give you his address, sir."

"Was it a telegram?"

"Yes," said David.

Controlling himself, the printer mused for a moment. "Tell me this," he said suddenly. "Has Goodman's eyesight got worse?"

"I don't know. But it seems pretty bad, Mr Vibond."

"It must be worse. Those last notes he sent me are useless. You remember? The ones you brought yesterday, lad. They're unreadable. But as they completed the instalment I sent him my cheque for them. I want that cheque back. You tell him that when he returns."

"Yes," said David.

"I'll call again tomorrow, the first thing."

Then Mr Vibond swung round on his heel and took his leave.

He'll be bright and early tomorrow morning, thought David.

He proved a true prophet, for eight had not struck the next morning when the printer reappeared, hastily demanding, "Well! Any word?"

"No," said David, "but I tell you what I've been thinking, sir. There's a gentleman in the opposite flat, a Mr Tournier, who may know his address. If I were you I should step across and ask."

"I certainly will," rejoined Mr Vibond.

CHAPTER 4 Too Late

AT this same moment in flat 163b two persons sat conversing under their breath. They were up betimes, for anxiety had banished sleep. Said one, a sallow-faced man, "Now listen to me, Felix! Are you positive that Jean would address his second wire to this flat, and not to 163a?"

His companion, who had dropped himself into a chair and was leaning forward with his hands clasped upon a crutched stick, removed his spectacles, revealing hard, crafty eyes. As he ran these over the other man with a close look he answered curtly, "Jean never makes a mistake, Parker."

"Then he's made one now and allowed himself to be captured. For you can't dispute that his second wire's not come. There was nothing in the letter-box last night, as you saw for yourself when we crept in here while that nousey lad across the way was asleep."

"No. And if you're right we shall have to abandon this hiding-hole. We must get out of England quickly. Wait! Is that

the bell, Parker? Our telegram! Off you go, man!"

Parker rushed to the door, but instead of a telegram boy it was a short, pasty-faced gentleman inquiring for Mr Tournier.

"He's abroad, sir," said Parker.

"You're his manservant, are you?"

"Yessir."

"Then perhaps you can give me the address of his friend Mr Goodman?"

But the words had been drowned by the onrush across the landing of a quick-footed figure which charged Parker out of its way. "Come on, Mr Vibond!" it called.

The astounded printer followed David's queer lead, and, Parker being too staggered to offer resistance, in they marched upon a white-haired and doddering old gentleman supporting himself upon a stick. At sight of him a gust of passion shook Vibond.

"You, Goodman!" he bellowed. "You hound, you!"

David's employer was peering up through his thick glasses. "Easy on, Vibond!" he uttered; then looked round for Parker. But Parker had made himself scarce.

"You tell me to go easy," Vibond roared out, "and suffer myself to be robbed by you! Oh, no! Not likely. There was nothing but the old fudge stuff in your ninth envelope. You have taken our money and sold us, you double-dyed traitor!"

"Come! Be sensible, Vibond!" sighed Goodman. "I was just on the point of placing the proper stuff in that envelope when a telegram arrived from the man I've been using. It was the first of two pre-arranged warnings to look out for danger. So of course I abstained, and slipped the—er—fudge in instead. Then I came here to lie low while waiting for his second wire, which, as also arranged, would either signal All Clear! or repeat the warning."

"But you insisted upon my cheque in exchange for the envelope!"

"Ah, I needed the money, my dear fellow," Goodman said blandly.

"You scoundrel! You remembered I'd told you my principals' instructions not to open your envelope, but to send it on to them with your seal intact as I received it!"

"Quite right, my friend! I cultivate a good memory."

"Well, my principals won't refund to me!" roared Vibond. "When they phoned to me to say how you'd sold me they told me I could whistle for it!"

JACKO GETS SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

IT was very unfortunate that just when the pond was frozen hard and just right for skating Jacko was kept indoors with a chill, and by the time he was better the ice had all gone.

"Never mind!" said his mother. "I'll treat you and your friends to the Monkeyville Ice Rink instead."

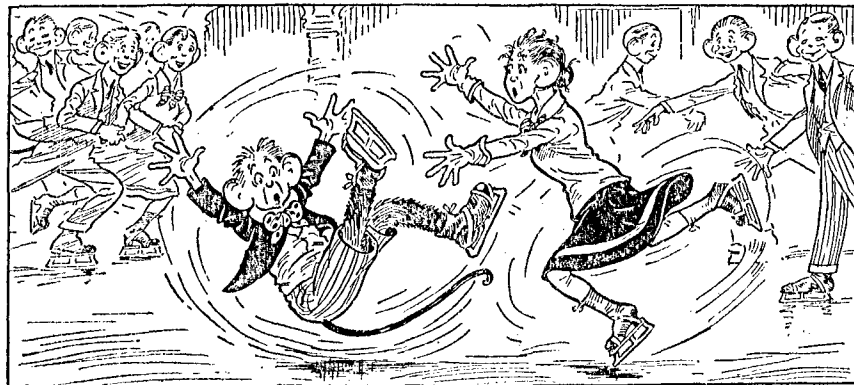
Jacko was delighted. The next day he went off in high glee, taking Chimp and his sister with him.

Jacko was not a bad skater, and was

Chimp rocked with laughter. "Pooh!" he spluttered. "Think a posh skater like that wants to dance with a rabbit?"

That did it. Jacko swaggered up to the girl when next she was free, and soon he was proudly skimming with her round the rink.

All too soon the music stopped—and so did Jacko's partner. "You'll get on all right with practice," she remarked graciously, and then added, "I suppose you paid at the office?"



The shock completely upset his balance

soon gaily carcering round. "Coo!" he chuckled, "this Rink knocks Tutt's old pond into a cocked hat!"

Presently the band struck up and dancing started. Jacko tried waltzing with Chimp's sister, but after clumsily bumping round for a while they gave up and sat down to watch the others. Chimp joined them.

Soon Jacko noticed a tall, graceful girl who skated so beautifully that he couldn't stop admiring her. "My word!" he murmured. "She can skate! I'm going to ask her to dance with me."

"Rather!" grinned Jacko. "We all paid our sixpences, or they wouldn't have let us in!"

"I don't mean that, silly boy," retorted the lady. "Didn't you know that I'm an instructress, and a shilling each dance is my fee?"

Jacko gaped. The shock upset his balance. Worse still, the instructress went down with him—and other skaters fell on top of them.

No one was hurt, but Jacko believed in safety first! While the others were picking themselves up he disappeared.

"Poor fellow!" Mr Goodman remarked, with great calmness.

Neither seemed to remember the presence of David. But now, most suddenly aware of him, they realised how Vibond's rage had betrayed them. "We must silence the lad!" Goodman screamed out.

"Too late, I'm afraid, Mr Felix Tournier," smiled David, as he whipped out a whistle. And too late it was. Three more visitors burst into the room, three square-shouldered men who had gathered in Parker en route.

"Though you know, David," Sir Richard observed a day or two afterwards, "you know you ran some risk in telling my men, when they reported to you at seven o'clock that morning, to lie low till they heard your whistle. For Tournier's a desperate character. He's no more of an old man, of course, than you or I."

"He acts well," said David.

"He should do. He used to be one of the most promising young actors on the stage. But he fell into trouble, and became, as he's just confessed, an international spy. Then he got into touch with Vibond, who, it appears, was in the market on behalf of a certain foreign Power. He's a clever rogue in every respect, is our Felix. Oh, and incidentally," Sir Richard added, with a smile, "he was born in Egypt and he knows a great deal about her history."

"Is Vibond's business a blind, sir?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. But he has lost a lot of money and would stop at nothing to recoup himself."

"And he never knew all the time that Goodman was Tournier?"

"Not he! Not he! You know how these spying fellows distrust one another. That's why Tournier passed himself off as Goodman to Vibond, and took the opposite flat in his own name, so that if he had reason to suspect that Vibond wasn't playing the game with him he could disappear in a flash. Exit 'Goodman' for good, eh?"

"But he meant to play the game with Vibond himself."

"Of course. He wanted Vibond's money. And certainly he'd have passed on the information, which concerns, I find, some secrets of our new defences, if I hadn't frightened him by sending that telegram."

David stared. "You sent it?"

"I certainly did. You see, we had laid our hands on the man whom I suspected of being in Tournier's pay, and he owned up to the danger code they had agreed on. So I wired it, in order to see how Tournier would re-act."

"Sir, a neat trap!" said David.

"Well, yes, because, as it happens, Vibond and Tournier (figuring as Goodman) had arranged that envelopes one to eight should contain genuine notes, but that the ninth one should contain the stolen information. You and I, David, had opened the previous ones together when you brought each one to me on the way to Vibond. So as all these had been quite innocent I felt it was time to force Goodman's hand, if we could."

"Jolly clever," said David.

"But I think you were cleverer in discovering the secret of flat 163b, and in ferreting out that Tournier and Goodman were the same man."

"But also, sir," explained David, "I had caught sight one day of a tall, dark-haired man letting himself into 163b. And when I went in to 163a Mr Goodman couldn't see me. He was still in bed, Parker said. Well, of course he couldn't see me if he wasn't there—I think it was that which started me on the right track, plus the fact that Parker had just told me Tournier was abroad!"

Sir Richard nodded approval.

"But why did Goodman leave me at the flat?"

"Well, you see, Goodman was going into hiding, ready to bolt on the instant his second telegram came. But he wanted someone to fend off Vibond meanwhile. For he reasoned that if Vibond turned up and found the flat empty he'd report to his principals, who would get at once on his, Goodman's, trail. Moreover, in any event it would look much better, he thought, to leave his flat in charge of a secretary who could answer uncomfortable inquiries by replying that his employer was expected back any day, than to leave it empty, smacking of sudden flight."

"Yes, that must be it, sir," owned David. Then after a moment, "You remember, sir," he uttered, "that at the beginning you told me you were acting only on surmise?"

"I remembered that some years ago a clever foreign agent, never identified, had employed an amanuensis, a girl it was that time, to act as go-between."

Out flashed David's grin. "Uncle Richard," said he, with gusto, "you've no idea what a whale I've become on Egypt! I know all the jolly old Pharaohs by heart!"

THE END

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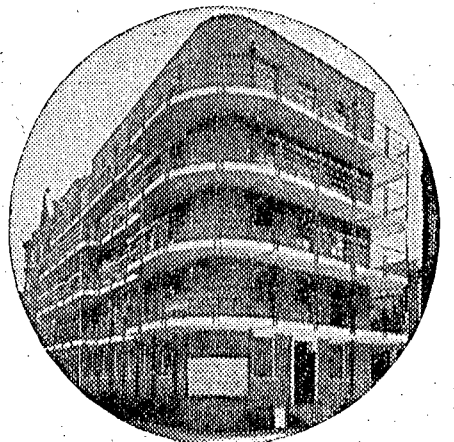
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Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 19, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

What Island is This?

AN adjective meaning foolish, an indefinite article, a vapour, and a conveyance, when added together form the name of a large island.

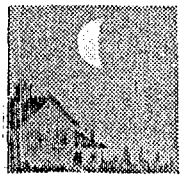
Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

Feb. 20. Andreas Hofer, Swiss patriot, executed . . . 1810
21. Robert Southwell, poet and martyr, executed . . . 1595
22. George Washington born 1732
23. Sir Joshua Reynolds died 1792
24. Robert Fulton died . . . 1815
25. Sir Christopher Wren died 1723
26. Napoleon escaped from Elba 1815

Other Worlds Next Week

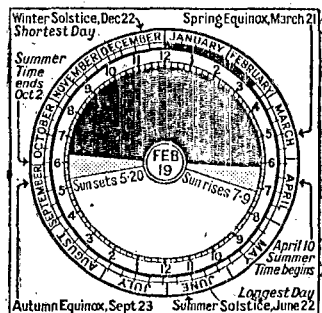
IN the evening Mars and Saturn are in the west and Uranus is in the south-west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the moon at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, February 23.



A Long Time

SIR WILLIAM M'KECHNIE tells a story of a child who was found crying on his first day at school. "What ever is the matter?" asked the teacher. "Please, miss," was the reply, between sobs, "they say I've to stay here till I'm 14." "You're lucky," said Teacher. "I have to stay till I'm 65."

The C N Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on February 19. The days are now getting longer. The black section of the circle under the names of the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE two things which Brian liked best about his grandmother's house were her dog Bounce and the swans on the river close by.

"What kind of dog is Bounce, Granny?" Brian had asked when the dog had been introduced.

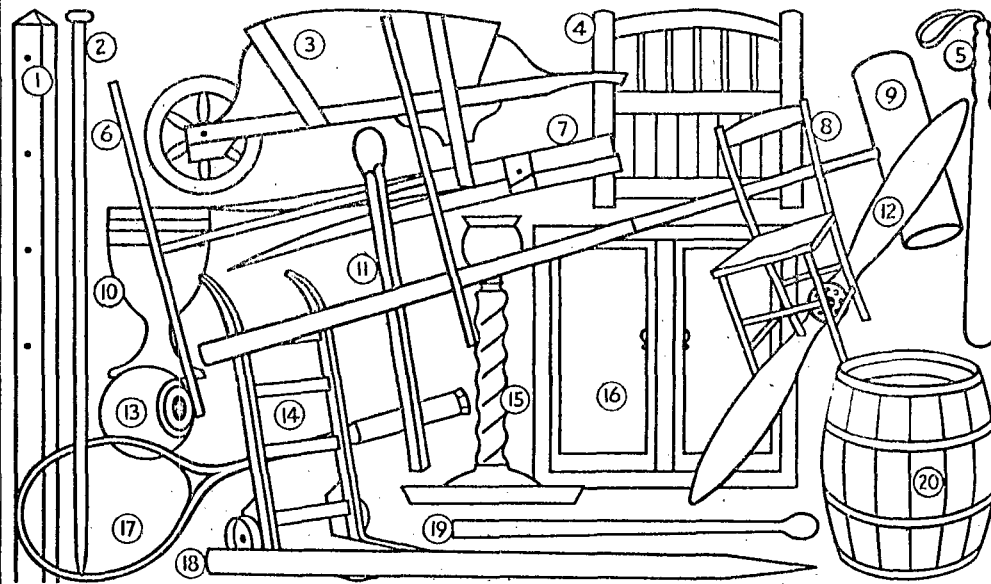
"A cross between a sheep-dog and a doormat," said Uncle David, before Granny had time to answer.

Brian was rather puzzled, and suspected that Uncle David was being rude to Bounce, so he patted the thick coat (which really was something like a doormat) and said, "Never mind, old thing. Come for a walk."

Bounce at once went mad. He rushed to the gate barking,

TEN GUINEAS FOR READERS

33 Prizes in a Simple Contest With Equal Opportunities For All



For this week only the Editor has arranged a special prize offer. There will be 33 prizes in all—eleven in each of three age groups, as follow:

- Boys and girls of 9 and under
- Boys and girls from 10 to 12
- Boys and girls from 13 to 15

In each of these groups there will be a prize of £1 and ten prizes of five shillings.

All you are asked to do is to identify the 20 objects outlined above and then write your properly numbered list on a postcard. Add your

name, address, and age, and send the postcard to C N Competition No. 46, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, February 24.

The objects shown in the picture are all frequently made with wood and they have been chosen with the help of the Timber Development Association. All are included in the following list.

Aeroplane propeller, Badminton racket, Bowls ball, Candlestick, Case-ment window, Chair, Clothes peg, Croquet mallet, Cupboard, Drum,

Drumstick, Egg cup, Flag-mast, Flute Gate, Golf club, Hammer, Knitting needle, Match, Paint brush, Polo mallet, Pencil, Porter's trolley, Policeman's truncheon, Rugby goalposts, Skewer, Tennis racket, Water butt, Wheelbarrow, Wire fence post.

In the event of ties the prizes will be awarded to senders of the best-written correct or nearest correct lists, and within each group age will be taken into account when judging. There is no entrance fee and the Editor's decision will be final. Only one entry can be accepted from each reader.

Do You Know Me?

MY first, I may with truth declare, In name and nature both is air;
My second is a perfect bore, Yet makes sweet music evermore;
My whole in many a busy street Lies in bed beneath your feet.

Answer next week

King and Planet

WE were asked to tell the difference between the King and Neptune. The question was passed on to Peter Puck, and his answer was nineteen shillings and elevenpence three-farthings.

Asked for an explanation, he said that the King is a sovereign and the planet Neptune is a far thing.

Ici on Parle Français



Le charbon Le seau La bûche
coal scuttle log
Le feu est presque éteint. Il n'y a plus de charbon. Le seau est vide. Eh bien, jetez une bûche sur le feu.

The fire is nearly out. There is no more coal. The scuttle is empty. Then throw on a log.

This Week in Nature

THE stone-curlew, or thick-knee, begins clamouring. This bird is a lover of dry waste land, laying its two eggs in a bare hollow on the ground. It is chiefly a night-bird, and,

being rather large, is a very efficient destroyer of vermin. The stone-curlew is generally a bird of warmer climates, and in this country appears chiefly in the south and east. It is particularly common in Norfolk and Suffolk, and is known there as the Norfolk plover.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Fish is This? Trout

Transposition. Seam, same, Ames

The C N Cross Word Puzzle

PIRATE ATTEND
AN LET SHE EEE
SKATE FOLDEN
SCAMPANULA E
TOR LIE SUP
FIR LUNGS BEE
RANSOM ROUSED
OR ONEROUS RD
CABLE E PANSY

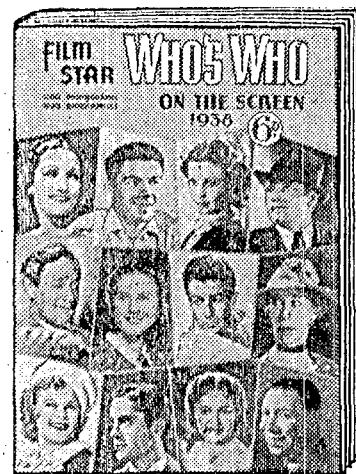
SLUGGISHNESS Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist today. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all-round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all chemists. Prices 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small.

All about your Screen Favourites



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BOUNCE MEETS THE SWANS

scattering the gravel from the path as he scampered along.

Brian and Bounce had a glorious run across the fields, coming back past the river, into which Bounce rushed like a catapult, and swam about barking with delight, while Brian hopped about on the bank, and wished he too could run into the water with so little trouble. When at last Bounce came out he drenched Brian by shaking himself close to him; and two wet but happy scamps went home by the back way to escape the remarks of the grown-ups.

Later Brian met the swans. Uncle David took him to a steep part of the river bank and showed him the place, down below in the reeds,

where Mrs Swan was sitting on her nest, with Mr Swan very fiercely guarding her. Quite soon after four funny little brown cygnets could be seen following their proud parents up the river. Brian was always asking Cook for bread to feed them, but he could never get very close, so jealous was the father swan for the safety of his brood.

A few days later Brian and Bounce set off for a walk which led them across the old bridge. Brian had been warned not to let Bounce near the cygnets, but there was no sign of them as the two ran down the cobbled road that led to the bridge. Bounce, as usual, shot straight into the water. Suddenly there was a

hiss and a splash, and Father Swan, who had been hidden from sight under the arches of the bridge, rushed out at Bounce and tried to push him under the water.

Bounce struggled hard, but he would have had little chance against the swan had not Uncle David luckily appeared at that moment. He drove off the swan with his stick, and helped the dog, who was almost exhausted, out of the water.

"That horrible swan!" exclaimed Brian, almost in tears. "He nearly drowned poor Bounce. I hate him!"

But Uncle David explained that Father Swan was protecting his babies, and looked upon Bounce as an enemy.